JOHN BULL

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For meaning of this number see page 1.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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Vol. III. No. 76. Saturday, November 16th, 1907. One Penny.

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All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

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Every copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week fifty of such numbers will be drawn and published on this page.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his (or her) using his best endeavours for one week to increase our circulation.

Hitherto, it has been our custom to draw TEN *numbers weekly, and to pay to each of the holders the sum of £5; but in future we shall select fifty helpers weekly at a guinea each.*

The following claims have been received in respect of October 5th:—

WILLIAM M. STEIN, c/o Mrs. Smith, 15, William Street, Dundee (No. 634,174).

Mr. HUGH KING HYDE, 101, Botanic Road, Liverpool (No. 637,433).

Upon compliance with the conditions of the scheme cheques will be duly forwarded

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE TEN NUMBERS FOR OUR ISSUE OF OCTOBER 12TH:—

780,301; 809,143; 791,784; 728,825; 766,238; 753,310; 714,593; 732,162; 723,279; 709,309

THE TEN NUMBERS TO BE ANNOUNCED NEXT WEEK WILL RELATE TO OUR ISSUE OF OCTOBER 19TH.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK'S ISSUE WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED DECEMBER 21ST (PUBLISHED DECEMBER 19TH).

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

We have to thank a vast army of readers for their generous expressions of sympathy and encouragement during our recent ordeal in the Law Courts. Before us is a letter written at the close of the Examination by a brilliant member of the Bar who followed the whole of the proceedings, and he tells us that, in the view of the legal profession the whole case of the Official Receiver "completely broke down." We are glad to know that this is also the view of our correspondents. As regards the action we have commenced against the Official Receiver, it will be seen that we quite anticipate being "non-suited," so to speak. But if such should be the result of the proceedings we shall not complain. Into the merits of the case we are, of course, precluded from entering.

In connection with our series of articles on the "Newest Theology," we recently had occasion to send out notices to the clergy and ministers of the United Kingdom. How many of these divines do you think there are? Fifty thousand! What shall we take as their average annual income? Shall we say £200? Very well, that gives us a total of ten millions—just the cost of Old Age Pensions! We ask again, would it be *very* wicked to suggest that the souls of the people might for a while be left to look after themselves, whilst we give a little attention to their bodies? The late George Jacob Holyoake went to prison sixty years ago for suggesting that for a time "the Deity should be placed on half-pay." It was a cynical, and perhaps irreverent, way of putting it; but when we remember that over and above these ten millions of soul-saving salaries, millions more are annually spent upon missions to the grinning heathen—well, who would send us to prison to-day for repeating the dead reformer's words?

We often have to comment upon the judicial eccentricities of the magisterial bench. But we are not sure that county court judges do not in many cases merit similar castigation. Here, for instance, is Judge Russell, of the Reading County Court, telling a jury that if the decision of a certain case rested with him, he should "unhesitatingly decide for the defendant—*he might take a prejudiced view—because the plaintiff was a bird fancier, and belonged to a calling which he regarded with the greatest possible loathing.*" What do you think of that, good reader? And from a son of a late Lord Chief Justice of England! We must keep our eye on Judge Russell.

More Birthday Honours! What a farce the thing is! The prominent feature, this time, is the cynical medley of mummers, minstrels, and tub-thumpers. There has been a great outcry against giving titles for purely sordid, worldly considerations, so the Temperance Reformers and Baptist and Congregational M.P.'s have seen, and seized, their opportunity. They don't believe in waiting for their reward till they get into the next world. Perhaps they are right.

Congratulations to the Licensing Committee of the County Council upon its decision to restore to music-hall visitors an opportunity of quenching their thirst without having to run into the public-house. That is true temperance reform.

We are far from appreciating the spectacle of this country being drained of its gold to enable some other country to escape from the consequences of its financial frenzy. During the past few weeks vast quantities of bullion have been shipped to America, with the result that the Bank rate has been raised to 7 per cent. This is a matter of momentous seriousness to British industry and commerce. Thousands of people trade on advances from their banks, and the raising of the rate to this high figure may easily mean in a large number of cases that the margin of profit is all but swept away. This country has had neither part nor lot in the wild gambling of Wall Street, yet the reserve of British gold has had to be seriously depleted in order to save the situation. That is to say, we have had to supply gold to pay out American bank depositors frantic to "touch the ready." Tom, Dick, and Harry no doubt find it hard to understand that money is but a medium of exchange—the convenient means by which we swop, say, so many yards of cloth for so many tins of Chicago corned beef—that there is not enough loose gold in the world to go round, and that if everybody wanted gold for goods at the same time they couldn't, and wouldn't, get it. Undoubtedly our gold reserve is too low for safety, and the banks should be compelled by law to increase their stocks.

That is an amazing story which has just come out of the Army. A young man named William James Washington was arrested as a deserter from the Grenadier Guards on a warrant signed by Colonel St. Aubyn. He was arrested in his house at 12 o'clock at night, locked up in a cell, and brought before the Potteries stipendiary the next morning. He there pleaded that he was not a deserter, but had served three years in the Guards, and was now on the Reserve—with his pay unpaid. He was remanded for inquiries, and these having been made, the Secretary of the Army Council is desired to say "that no proceedings are to be taken against this man, and he should therefore be discharged, . . . the sending of his name to the police being due to a misunderstanding on the part of the officer commanding the Grenadier Guards, which is much regretted." It is hoped that Washington is now acting under competent legal advice. He must not be squared with fifteen pounds and a suit of clothes.

Though the Kaiser has himself largely to blame for what may be called his derisive unpopularity in England, we believe his Majesty's visit will be all to the good in the existing relations between the two countries. It would be idle and foolish to pretend that those relations are at present cordial either in the commercial or personal sense. The German faces the Englishman as a commercial rival in every corner of the world, and there can be no doubt that his grit and enterprise in this rivalry as often deserve the success they achieve as timidity and lack of enterprise on the part of Englishmen account for their failure. But the personal antipathy goes deeper. The German in commerce has acquired a name for not playing the game. "Made in Germany" has long been a synonym for under-selling good British by the substitution of cheap and nasty Teuton. This cry is all but meaningless now. The Englishman has to realise that in whatever degree the taunt of "Made in Germany" was justified a few years ago, German products are as often as not quite as good as English of the same class on their merits. The Englishman's fight, then, should be with the German on the plain business lines of common sense and enterprise. To carry personal antipathy into international politics can do no good whatever, and is surely productive of a vast deal of harm. We want nothing from Germany, and Germany wants nothing from us. We have made the first step towards a *rapprochement* by inviting the Kaiser as our guest, and let us hope he will return to Germany determined to make the second.

The latest Returns show that in Scotland alone, and exclusive of the Highland counties, the total area devoted to "sport" is 557,544 acres! What is more surprising is how the population remaining in these sporting counties manage to make a living. The crofters of the Island of Lewis did not take their eviction "lying down," as their degenerate successors have done. They rose up in their wrath and raided the deer forest, when the following quaint address was delivered by one of their leaders:

> Many of you had no notion until to-day of the bounties which Providence had in store for you in the wilderness. Your Father in heaven has made ample provision for you in Park Forest, if you only use the proper means to take advantage of His bounty. As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so we panted after venison, and, good Lord, we have received an abundance. Therefore, eat, drink, and be merry before the Philistines swoop down upon you.

Six of the men were arrested and tried in Edinburgh, but Lord Moncrieff told the jury in no halting language that "deer were not private property, neither were grouse nor any other wild animals. All that a proprietor was entitled to do was to prevent strangers from going on his grounds." And that decision established an important principle in our game laws.

For a long time now the belief has been current that Lord Rosebery and "C.-B." never speak as they pass by. And there is no question that in non-political assemblies they have avoided each other. We have a distinct recollection of seeing Lord Rosebery at the Lord Mayor's reception on the occasion of the Coronation Banquet deliberately isolate himself from the little group of Liberal statesmen of whom Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was one. It was Lord Rosebery himself who seemed to cut the friendship rather harshly in a certain public speech at the time when the Chesterfield programme was in the air. Happily it is Lord Rosebery who now holds out the hand again. As "C.-B." formally thanked his Lordship for his "kind reference to him," it is now probable that bygones will be bygones. Apart from politics, "C.-B." is one of the most lovable men in public life, and we are quite sure he must be one of the most lovable men out of it. Day by day he grows in public favour. It seems only yesterday that it was the fashion to deride him and bespatter him with the dirtiest of dirt. To-day we all delight to speak of him with affection. Such is the power of Character.

What the world loses in Gerald Massey is not so much a poet, though he had many poetic gifts, as a man of crystal sincerity. And in the struggle and hustle of things the note of sincerity is too little heard for any of us lightly to undervalue it. A man may be this, or that, or the other, but he must not be a humbug. To really achieve anything lasting it is demanded that a man shall not only believe in himself, but that he shall believe in the thing that he does with all his heart, and mind, and strength. Through all his eighty years of struggle and strain, Gerald Massey held his banner high, and spoke his evangel out of the deep, true heart within him. Of all his many verses, perhaps the one which will live the longest is just this one—

Hope on, hope ever! After darkest night
Comes full of loving life the laughing morning.
Hope on, hope ever; springtide flusht with light
Aye crowns old winter with her rich adorning.
Hope on, hope ever! Yet the time shall come
When man to man shall be a friend and brother,
And this old world shall be a happy home,
And all earth's family love one another.
Hope on, hope ever!

This inspiration of hope served him to the last, and so "gladly he lived and gladly died and laid him down with a will."

Now that the little Princess has been handed over to her father, we hope the newspapers will realise their stupidity in turning Mrs. Toselli, ex-Crown Princess of Saxony, into a *Family Reader* heroine. It is not many weeks ago that the lady was protesting that never, never, never would she part with the precious Monica, and that all the King's horses and all the King's men should not tear the child from her. Mr. Toselli also declared that he would stand by Mrs. Toselli and the child though the heavens fell. But these theatrical protests were merely for the newspapers. It was a question of the child or the income, and Mrs. Toselli naturally wished to keep the income. Besides, as between the lady and the King, we dare say his Majesty will make the better guardian. Mrs. Toselli is neither very much of a martyr nor very much of a saint.

What a lot of rubbish is talked about the "Temperance Vote." The Anti-Brewer Committee in Manchester represented (so they said) 150,000 citizens. Unfortunately, about 149,000 of them failed to go to the poll at the municipal elections. Every councillor who voted against the Mayor was defeated when he faced his constituents. Three publicans won seats on the Council, and the United Kingdom Alliance agent was beaten by a thumping majority. This is an object lesson to the Liberal Party. The Temperance tail has too long wagged the Liberal dog, and we advise the dog to wag the tail, by way of a change.

We have been much edified by the sight of a great white perambulator in the picture papers, and it is gratifying to learn that Don Alfonso's son has excited so much enthusiasm among the nursemaids and small boys of Kensington. But we must be allowed to express our surprise that the anarchists, who are supposed to abound in London, have not taken the opportunity of kidnapping the young gentleman. What a chance they have missed, and what a chance Mr. Le Queux has missed of adding another to his Royal sensations. But perhaps he is too busy looking after the lady who went off with the Italian organ-grinder.

The Tory Party are making a great mistake. We should like to see the revival of a strong Opposition. A vigorous Opposition is welcome, if only because it wakes up a Government. But the attempt to make the opposition of Socialism a plank of the Conservative and Protectionist Party is serving the cause of Socialism. If Mr. Grayson and Mr. Keir Hardie had been consulted, they would certainly have welcomed with open arms the present agitation. When the big Tariff Reform drum is beating loudly in opposition to Socialism, it becomes very difficult indeed for the ordinary Liberal, who has opposed Socialism all his life, to express his hereditary opinion without appearing to join the enemies' camp. The Birmingham methods, with their gramophones and megaphones, may be very Colonial or even Imperial, but they are not to the taste of the British nation, and it is to be regretted by all opponents of Socialism that it should be assisted and glorified by attacks from these particular quarters. After all, Protection is one of the first principles of Socialism.

Merely as a footnote to history, we take this opportunity of recording that at a Camberwell entertainment the other night, Dr. Macnamara, M.P., sang a song in the public baths, and that song a Gilbertian comic. We have heard that even in the days when he was Attorney-General, "Dicky" Webster occasionally entertained the Bar mess with a facetious warble, but he may have lost his singing voice since he became Lord Chief Justice and Baron Alverstone. As a warbling Minister, however, Dr. Mac. is probably without precedent. Gladstone himself used to sing the songs which reach our hearts in the sacred precincts of home, but we believe he was never called on to "oblige the company" at a local sing-song. Of all Dr. Mac.'s colleagues in the Government, we have not heard of any one who dare imitate a canary in public. But now the idea has been started, we are endeavouring to arrange a Grand Political Concert in which all Ministers and ex-Ministers can take part. So far, the following items have been fixed up:—

The Premier: "There's na luck aboot the hoose."
The Speaker: "Speak to me only with thine eyes."
Mr. Balfour: "'Tis hard to give the hand where the heart can never be."
Mr. Austen Chamberlain: "Then up I came with my little lot."
Sir F. Banbury: "The Holy City!"
Mr. Asquith: "Beer, beer, glorious beer."
Mr. Lloyd-George: "Strike the lyre."
Mr. Redmond: "I care for nobody—no, not I."
Mr. Morley: "The heart bowed down!"
Duke of Devonshire: "Sing me to sleep."
Mr. Jesse Collings: "I will stand by my friend."
Mr. Wyndham: "Listen to my tale of woe."
Mr. Walter Long: "Old Dog Tray."
Mr. Chaplin: "The farmer's boy."
Mr. Lyttelton: "Chin, chin, Chinaman."
Mr. Gerald Balfour: "Hard times come again no more."

The directors of the Savoy Hotel have received 373 answers to the question asked of their restaurant patrons as to whether or not the rule of evening dress should be insisted upon. Amongst the patrons to whom the circular was sent, we are informed, were "three Princes, eight Dukes, nine Marquises, forty-one Earls, nineteen Viscounts, thirty-six Barons, thirty-eight Privy Councillors, a Field-Marshal, four Admirals, seven Generals, a large number of members of Parliament, and notabilities in literary, scientific, theatrical and artistic circles." The result is that 352 have replied in the affirmative and 21 in the negative, and the rule will therefore be continued. It would, however, be interesting to know the names of the 373 customers who have replied. Did they include any of the Princes, Dukes, Marquises, Earls, Viscounts and Barons? And, by the way, why were not the lady patrons consulted? After all, it is to please them that the men dress.

In fining a man £100 for keeping his premises for the purpose of betting, the magistrate at Marylebone (Mr. Paul Taylor) said that "he was under the impression that the recent Betting Act had killed street betting, and he said so before the Police Commission. He was, however, bound to say that since then he had had evidence brought before him, quite apart from this case, which had led him to modify his opinion very considerably. No doubt it was necessary, in consequence of the new Act and the increased vigilance of the police, for betting men to be more careful as to the way they carried on their illegitimate business, but he very much doubted, he regretted to say, whether the aggregate amount of betting was to-day to a very considerable extent less than it used to be." Perhaps Mr. Herbert Gladstone will take note of this; whilst as to Mr. Paul Taylor, there is yet more for him to learn on the subject.

One of our correspondents recently wrote to the police to put them on the track of the London Premium Tea Company fraud. Of course, they could not or would not do anything, but the important point is that, with the exception of the date, which was filled in afterwards, the reply is a circular which has evidently been manifolded. We should like to know how many complaints the Detective Department have received to in-

duce them to keep in stock a circular letter headed "re London Premium Tea Company." Very likely the police are quite right in saying that the law does not empower them to put a stop to swindles of this kind, but in that case the sooner the law is altered the better.

Some interesting complications will arise when the Emperor Francis Joseph passes away. When Franz Ferdinand contracted his morganatic marriage he renounced all regal claims on behalf of his wife and children. This was quite in accordance with the existing law of Austria, but the Hungarians may have something to say on the matter as affecting their country. So we may have the curious spectacle of a lady being a queen on one bank of the Leitha and a simple countess on the other. And of course there will be plenty of people in Hungary to take advantage of any excuse for secession.

Despite their constant repetition, mysterious disappearances never seem to fail in arousing excitement. We wonder that the game is not played more extensively for purposes of advertisement. It would be much more effective for an actress to lose herself instead of her jewels. We are not forgetting that Mr. Bernard Shaw advertised himself in this way on a Welsh mountain, but he made the mistake of not remaining lost long enough. If the circulation of JOHN BULL were not already so satisfactory, we should have serious thoughts of getting lost ourselves. Meanwhile, we really think that Miss Barbara Lapoukhine might let us know why she disappeared and why she came back. Perhaps we shall hear shortly that she has been engaged to appear on the music-hall stage at a fabulous salary.

Our congratulations are due to the Rev. F. B. Meyer for his manly and charitable remarks about publicans and the sweet reasonableness of his reply to the secretary of the Licensed Victuallers' Defence League. Referring to the Parable of the Good Samaritan, he described publicans as the bandits of the present day. It was pointed out to him that it is not decent to hold up reputable tradesmen to opprobrium, or at all consistent with his sacred calling as a minister of Christ. He was also reminded that "evil speaking, lying, and slandering" should be carefully eschewed. He replied that he acknowledged the comparison to be a pretty severe one, a truism which does not do much to repair his offence. He then went on to say that he had no personal quarrel or grudge against any individual publican. That is all very fine, but scarcely consoling to the aggrieved tradesmen. Nor do we quite understand how he can contrive to hate them as a body and love them as individuals. In conclusion, he says: "I notice that you speak of honour and probity as the sublimest of all human virtues. May I ask you to add another—Pity, or Humanity?" Yes; but why not pity the poor publican? After all, Mr. Meyer, the Christian gentleman with the Jewish name, need not have forgotten that the founder of the Christian religion sometimes consorted with publicans and sinners.

Mr. Justice Darling has been at it again. He ought to be in a Chair of Mathematics instead of in a seat of judgment. In his court the other day a doctor casually observed that we all have one leg shorter than the other, and this was the reason why people always walked in a circle when lost, or in darkness, or a fog. This subtle doctrine of locomotive inebriety brought up his lordship. "What," inquired he, "is your definition of a straight line?" "Length without breadth," promptly replied the doctor. "There is another definition," said Darling J.; "a straight line being a portion of a circle of infinite radius. So, according to that, there is not much difference between walking in a circle and going straight on. Now you must give me time to think out the difference between a circle and a straight line." We can enlighten his lordship without taking time to consider our judgment. "There ain't no difference." A straight line is a lover's walk; it is the shortest way home by the longest way round.

We do not say for a moment that a policeman would not appeal against that judgment. He would maintain the Euclidian definition that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, and demand to be permitted to fix the points. One of the points would be the "Bull and Bush," and the other the "Spotted Cow." On the other hand, he would describe a circle as a curved line without either beginning or end, of which every part was of equal but infinite distance from a point within it, the point being neither the "Bull and Bush," the "Spotted Cow," nor any other place of refreshment. Whether the House of Lords would sustain this contention is not for us to say; but, doubtless, it could be argued with some degree of plausibility. As it is a matter not only of public interest, but of public concern, peradventure Mr. Justice Darling will take an early opportunity to state a case.

The metallurgical Rockefeller has got an interesting job to do, but there are doubts whether he will do it. Recently he wrote to Tolstoi asking that eccentric genius to enlighten his darkness as to the best way of employing wealth for the good of the community. Now, obviously the best way to employ it for such a purpose is not in selling rock oil. To do Rockefeller the devil's justice, he seems to have realised this fact with accumulative force since he began to lose his hair and suffer from indigestion. There are no half-measures about Tolstoi. He does not believe that a man can be several times a millionaire, continue in the oil trade, and then call himself a Christian just because he is a hard-shell Baptist and teaches in Sunday-school. The Russian pamphleteer therefore quotes the Gospel at him, saying, "If thou wilt be perfect, sell all thou hast and give to the poor, and follow Me." Here the hard-shell Baptist aforesaid gets the opportunity of a lifetime; but it is a million sterling to a gallon of the best oil that he will miss it.

Of course Tolstoi is an unpractical and impracticable visionary. If Rockefeller had lived in Judæa in the time of Tiberius, it is probable that by selling all his goods and giving them to the poor of the district he might have made them all happy with a substantial fortune, though we are by no means struck with the ethic that the rich man should make himself poor that the poor man may become rich. In any case, Rockefeller does not live in Judæa, but in New York, nor in the reign of Tiberius, but in the reign of Roosevelt. In these days, if he could and were to sell out, and start giving a sovereign to each of the poor as far as the money would go, he wouldn't get very far among humanity. If all the millionaires alive could and were to sell out and give all they have to all the poor alive, the poor wouldn't get a sovereign each. And then there would be the difficulty of realisation. Even the poor cannot drink rock oil, or eat land, or railway trains, or auriferous rock, or Share Certificates. In a word, to make all the rich poor would not make any of the poor rich. The problem lies deeper than money. Money is a factor. But there are many others, all expressed in the teaching that every man should do as he would be done by. Translate that into the practice of the common life, and you have no rich and no poor, but a worldly sufficiency of the world's good things for all.

There is hope for the bald—and the whiskerless! This cheery news, like the latest cancer story, comes from Paris. It seems that one need not rub his pate with "Tatcho," or anoint it with "Harlene." All

that is necessary is to play the fiddle. The reader may smile. But that is due to his lack of the logical faculty which distinguishes the author of this simple theory. Behold, says he in the *Menestrel*, all the violinists of the earth have much hair: therefore, become a violinist, and you also will have much hair. It reminds one a little of Oliver Wendell Holmes's famous shay, that was built on the soundest principles of applied logic; but no doubt it is all right. Perhaps we should add a word of warning. Whilst stringed instruments make the hair grow, wind instruments make it fall out. "A bald violinist is as rare as a bald horn-player is common" we are assured. On the other hand, "wood instruments, such as the flute, seem to have no pronounced influence either way." For ourselves, we shall stick to the flute.

We hear, with great regret, very unsatisfactory accounts of the health of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and also of that of Sir John Lawson Walton, the Attorney-General. As in the case of Mr. Chamberlain, other papers please copy—and contradict.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

AWARD No. 426.

For describing himself, at the Acton Police Court, as an "antique dealer,"

A RAG-AND-BONE MAN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 427.

For saying, while addressing a students' meeting at Glasgow, "I do not really think that Socialism will ever be as successful as I think it will,"

MR. VICTOR GRAYSON
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 428.

For giving as his reason for throwing several wood-paving blocks through a public-house window that "the police are asleep and want waking up,"

MR. JOHN JACKSON
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 429.

For stating in the Christian World *that he "would rather be a truthful thinker than possess Rockefeller's wealth,"*

HENRY VARLEY
(the libeller of the late Charles Bradlaugh)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 430.

For publishing the chestnut about the Socialist and the two pigs,

THE EDITOR OF *PUNCH*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 431.

For stating at the Wesleyan Conference that so many illegitimate children were being received at their "Children's Home" that "they would soon have to consider what to do with the mothers,"

DR. GREGORY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 432.

For stating that a man fell into the hold of the coal steamer "John Johnasson" without being seriously injured, but that "the steamer will probably be taken to Plymouth for repairs,"

THE *WESTERN MORNING NEWS*
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 433.

For announcing his intention, during his American lecturing tour, of occupying the pulpit,

MR. R. G. KNOWLES
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

OUR MODEL LIMERICK COMPETITION.

ENTRIES NOW CLOSED.

VOTING FOR PRIZES BEGINS NEXT WEEK.—HOW TO VOTE.

Our Model Limerick Competition is drawing to a close. With this issue we had hoped to publish the whole of the last lines sent in—*of course omitting duplicates*. But the task is greater than we anticipated, and we must ask the indulgence of our readers till next week. Each line will be numbered, and at the end of the sheet will be found a form of VOTING COUPON, which may be cut out and forwarded to us, or it may be copied on a post-card, but in that case the ADDRESS COUPON, also to be found in the Supplement, must be cut out and *pasted* on the address side of the post-card. Any number of coupons may be sent in one envelope, but only one coupon may be copied on to one post-card. We hope we have made that quite clear. One Post-Card, one Vote; but as many Votes as you like to send in an envelope. The Post-Card Votes must be *written*, with the address cut out and *pasted* on; and the votes sent in envelopes must be on the Voting Coupons cut from the paper. In this way we secure that every Vote involves the purchase of a copy of JOHN BULL.

Now for the next point. "One man, one vote" is our motto. We shall check all Votes, and disallow all duplicates, unless, of course, they refer to different lines. No plural voting—despite the rejection of the Bill by the Lords. If you want to head the Poll, you must get all your friends and relatives to send in coupons for your lines—they are sure to consider them the best! But you must not vote more than once for yourself. An enterprising contributor wrote us, the other day, enquiring whether he could send us a cheque for £5 to cover 1,200 votes for his line! Sly dog! No, we want to increase our sales, but not in that way. Our friend must induce 1,200 people to vote for his line.

And now for another point. Many readers have reminded us that in the event of each competitor sending in one vote, and that in favour of his own line, and of no one else troubling to vote, the result would be that everybody would simply get back his sixpence, plus his share of our ten per cent. addition. Obviously, however, such a contingency is exceedingly remote. Still, to guard against it, and, at the same time, to encourage readers generally to take an interest in the scheme, we have decided that *our* contribution to the fund shall be divided exclusively amongst those who vote for the line which *we* consider to be the best. Such line will be announced at the same time as the result of the Poll. Thus the entire entrance fund will be divided, *pro rata*, amongst the competitors, according to the votes of our readers; and, in addition, a sum equal to ten per cent. of such fund—added by ourselves—will be divided, *pro rata*, amongst those whose votes are in favour of the line which *we* consider to be the best. We hope this arrangement will be satisfactory to all parties.

We will, of course, extend the time for getting in the Votes. AND WHEN THIS COMPETITION IS OVER, LOOK OUT FOR SOMETHING VERY MUCH BETTER—SOMETHING WHICH WILL KEEP YOU AMUSED AND INTERESTED DURING THE WINTER EVENINGS, AND WILL PUT MONEY INTO YOUR POCKETS—SOMETHING WHICH WILL KNOCK "LIMERICKS" INTO A COCKED HAT.

"WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?"

IMPORTANT ALTERATION IN OUR SCHEME.

Selection, by Ballot, of FIFTY READERS, every week, to each of whom we will pay ONE GUINEA for pushing our Sales.

See page 1.

JOHN BULL'S NEWEST THEOLOGY.—II.

By Enquirer.

(*Continued from page 441.*)

Drawing Lots.

If we now turn to purely secular affairs, we shall find instances of drawing prizes by lot fully and freely recorded in the Bible. The Israelites, for instance, divided up the Promised Land between them solely by the laws of chance (Joshua, chapters xv. to xix. inclusive). The Lord Himself had commanded that such should be the method (Numbers xxvi. 55 56), but although the casting of lots took place "before the Lord, at the door of the Tabernacle" (Joshua xix. 51), in token of impartiality, it must be distinctly understood that the priestly Urim and Thummim were not invoked, and that the issues were left to pure chance. There would thus naturally fall to the more fortunate tribes the richer inheritances, but the fairness of the arrangement could not be gainsaid. Of course there were the inevitable grumblers. The "Children of Joseph" (who formed two tribes, Ephraim and Manasseh) came pretty badly out of the draw, apparently, for they "spake unto Joshua, saying, Why hast thou given me but one lot . . . seeing I am a great people . . . ?" How Joshua pacified them may be read in Joshua xvii. 15, &c.: "If thou be a great people get thee up to the wood . . . and cut down for thyself in the land . . . of the giants." Which doubtless flattered and gratified the disappointed Joseph exceedingly. This incident recalls an anecdote, told, I think, by Dean Ramsay. A certain noble Scottish Lord, out walking on his estate, met a beggar, with whom, as was his custom, he passed the time of day. As the Earl turned away he spied, on the ground, a farthing, which he promptly picked up and pocketed. "I think, ma Lord," expostulated the beggar, "ye micht gi'e me that faurden." But the noble Earl didn't see why he should. "Na, na, Jock, ma man," said he, "just gang awa' and find a faurden for yoursel', puir body."

Solomon and Gambling.

The wise Solomon seems to have had great faith in the casting of lots. Married as he was to the daughter of Pharaoh (amongst others), he must have been familiar with playing cards, these being of Egyptian origin and antiquity. And in his wide encyclopædic mind he must have included a full knowledge of all the games of chance and skill then current. What he says on the subject is therefore worthy of note. In Proverbs xviii. 18, he remarks that "the lot causeth contentions to cease, and parteth between the mighty." This pronouncement sounds as if quarrels had frequently been rife in his august presence before the "parting" took place. In another, and earlier, comment on the same subject, however, he elevates the casting of lots to very great dignity indeed.

In Proverbs xvi. 33, he writes, "The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord."

In his father's day the practice of playing games of chance, for valuables, seems to have been quite common, for David alludes distinctly to such proceedings in Psalm xxii. 18: "They part my garments among them, and cast lots upon my vesture."

This saying was prophetic of what actually did occur at the Crucifixion, over a thousand years later, as recorded in Matthew xxvii. 35, concerning the action of the Roman soldiery: "They . . . parted his garments, casting lots that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet."

This prophetic allusion and its fulfilment served to show that the practice of gaming was a recognised institution. Recognised, moreover, by all classes, from the King on his throne (David, who made the prophecy) to the common soldiers who fulfilled it.

Numerous, therefore, as scriptural allusions are to the practice of casting lots to decide all manner of possessions and contingencies, nowhere do we find the least trace of an attitude adverse to such practices in themselves. Surely, for that reason, we may conclude that harmless wagerings on games of chance or skill should not be labelled as a sin. Even nefarious practices such as that notorious "What is your Number?" scheme promulgated by John Bull, must be considered venial. To wallow in Limericks and such like gambles, is therefore not sinful—merely silly. But personally, as I remarked to begin with, I am prejudiced against *all* forms of unsuccessful gambling. If you had backed "John Bull" for the Derby, and Clapton Orient in every match they've played this season, and spent the rest of your hard-earned money on unsuccessful Lotterick Lines, you would be prejudiced in the same way.

The Root of all Evil.

"Money," says St. Paul, "is the root of all evil!"

Now, St. Paul said nothing of the kind. It was Crashaby who said it. Or rather it was Crashaby who said Paul said it, which was worse. What! never heard of Crashaby? Why he's the Editor of the *Daily Megaphone*, and a big man, with a big reputation, a big intellect, and a big voice, while his paper has the biggest circulation on earth. We have four or five papers of this size in London alone, but then London's a big place.

Yes, Crashaby said it, and not only said it, but wrote it. The paragraph quoted above formed the opening sentence of one of his smashing leaders.

I forget just whom he was attacking—it was some little time back—but it would probably be the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or some other notoriously evil-disposed grabber of public money. But I do remember that Crashaby came up behind me in Fleet Street that day and smacked me on the back—he has a big, heavy hand—and asked in his big, hearty voice: "Well, my boy, did I button him up tight this morning?" For all his size Crashaby is not too big to collect compliments from his very humblest satellites.

Of course, in my very nicest manner and my purest English diction, I told him that if what he'd written didn't button the sordid wretch up to the neck for keeps, nothing but hanging would cure him.

I dared not tell Crashaby that he'd started on the wrong button. Things buttoned on that principle are worse than misfits. Yet such was the case. Crashaby was neither worse nor better than hosts of people who cling to the idea that St. Paul was fool enough to say that money is the root of all evil. Ridiculous! In the very teeth moreover of the wise Solomon, who wrote: "Money answereth all things." What Paul really did say was—"*the love of* money is the root of all evil"—a very different thing indeed.

No, the great Crashaby, in whose shadow so many of us live, is not alone in the error. How often one hears of the would-be cynical wit saying he only wished he had "a bit of the root." He doesn't need to wish for it. He has it—the love of money—already. You can see the gleam of money-hunger in his eye as he speaks.

It was the love of money that made me a sycophant and time-server that morning when Crashaby courted his compliment. When Crashaby tells anybody to do an article for him he's very generous about it. He thinks nothing of paying out five guineas for a scribble done between supper-time and beddy-bye. Provided the scribble tickles him he might make it ten. For me to suggest he was quite wrong in his quotation might mean that I should never get another guinea out of him all my life.

I don't say it would infallibly mean that, for Crashaby, like most big men, is very good-natured. But it might, and the root of all evil kept me from running the risk. Crashaby's money itself was an excellent and desirable thing, but my love of it was the root of my evil silence. Crashaby will write another leader one day on the same basis. Unless the income tax is brought down to a really reasonable figure, within the easy reach of all—presumably a farthing in the pound, or the like—Crashaby swears he'll continue to pulverise the Chancellor of the Exchequer irrespective of party. When he again misquotes St. Paul on the subject, simply because I didn't set him right about it last time, several million readers (see the *Megaphone's* certified circulation) will again be misled. . . .

Let us, therefore, stamp out with an iron foot the feeble jest of the next wit who wishes for "a bit of the root." Let us explain to him that being entirely wrong it isn't smart. Be brave about it. Never mind my weakness with Crashaby. My love of Crashaby's money was at the root of it.

(To be continued.)

SHERRY, THE FASHIONABLE WINE.

It is of interest, in view of the presence of the King and Queen of Spain in our midst, to know that since the opening of the present year, the Wines of Andalusia have been imported into this country in excess of last year to the amount of three-quarters of a million bottles. This increase in the demand for Sherry is undoubtedly due to the influence of King Alfonso during his visits to this country, and it has given great satisfaction to those engaged in Spain's chief industry.

TRAVEL.

By Jim Crow.

[We desire it to be distinctly understood that we do not identify ourselves with Mr. Crow's views on this or any other question.]

There is a popular fallacy which has been fostered by various writers that "travel teaches toleration." I am not sure that Disraeli did not say something of the kind in one of his less inspired moments. I do not often set up my opinion against his, but it must be remembered that most of his journeys took place during his youth, which was with him a period of unusual enthusiasm. Moreover, the travels which he enjoyed most were in remote and uncivilised regions, and there, if anywhere, toleration may be inspired.

For my part, though I have travelled everywhere, the general result has been to increase any intolerance which I may possess. The more I have wandered abroad, the more have I been convinced with the vast superiority of my own nation over others. Comfort, cooking, conveniences, pleasant companionship, and all the charms of true civilisation are difficult to find outside Great Britain.

The Joys of Travel.

And yet I suppose I must find some pleasure in travel, or I should not continue to engage therein. I suppose that my success, apart from my genial temperament and my capacity for enjoying myself everywhere, is due to the fact that I go about as a traveller and not as a tourist. I have long eschewed the grievous weariness of sight-seeing. Only on very rare occasions indeed do I enter a cathedral or a picture gallery. Even then I do not do so to gape and stare, but to compass a new atmosphere. This I have found, for instance, in the cathedral at Barcelona, where a faint light trickles through marvellous old stained glass, and there is a mysterious delight in surrendering to the sweetness of the organ and imagining oneself a hundred miles or a thousand years away from modern hubbub and hurry. To appreciate a cathedral it is important to enter with a devotional spirit, to kneel down and dismiss humdrum thoughts, to assimilate the inspirations of the time and place. A person who would deliberately walk round with a gang of globe-trotters and listen to the descriptions of a professional parrot, would, like the Prophet Habakkuk, be "capable of anything."

Blind Guides.

I often wonder what can have been the origin of the foolish fashion of rushing round churches and monuments immediately upon arriving at a new place. Churches and monuments can say nothing to you until you have imbibed the spirit of a people. This you will not do by indulging in the low, vulgar, disgusting, and utterly demoralising habit of reading guide-books. To begin with, a guide-book possesses the nasal twang of a phonograph, it rolls out platitudes in a cold and dreary tone, it would depress the most buoyant person almost as effectively as a speech by the Duke of Devonshire. Then it never tells you anything you want to know. Like a catalogue at a sale, it numbers and dockets everything and leaves you to hunt out treasures for yourself. I defy anybody to go about Europe in the company of a Baedeker without acquiring the Baedeker mind and the Baedeker soul. If I were the Pope of Rome, I should at once put Baedeker on the Index.

Hombre!

Place yourselves in my hands, oh my faithful disciples, and I will teach you to be true travellers. The first golden rule is this: Never be in a hurry. Then you must brush off all your angles and prejudices and let yourself go. Try to assimilate yourselves with the people whom you have honoured with your visit. Speak their language, even though you speak it very brokenly at first. Do not, an you love me, look at a grammar or learn phrases about the umbrella of the grandmother. Learn from human dictionaries. Begin if you like with the national oaths and exclamations. Let us suppose that you are in Spain, where you will find perhaps a more distinctive vocabulary than anywhere else. Practise on everybody you meet. If you can only master the different intonations which can be applied to the word "Hombre!" you will have already gone far. Horror, astonishment, pity, delight, admiration, a thousand states of mind can be conveyed by that one simple word.

Raiment.

Then you should not forget to dress the part. Assuming that you are still in Spain and have not been thrown out for insulting behaviour, you must buy a slouch hat and a big black cloak, and you must imitate the way in which Spaniards fling it over their left shoulders. If you have not access to a Spaniard before you set out, go and watch the villain in almost any melodrama. You may appear a bit of a fool to yourself just at first, but you will soon cease to imagine that you are being mistaken for Guy Fawkes. If you persist in going about in garish checks and a motor cap, you will attract attention wherever you go, and will be an object of suspicion and ridicule. Whereas, if you follow my advice, the very bull-fighters will slap you on the back and exclaim, "Caramba! but Don Jim is a true hidalgo."

Drink Imperially.

The next important rule is to eat and drink according to the custom of the country. Have plenty of oil and garlic with every dish, learn to love puchero and aguardiente and dry natural sherry. I have always felt sure that a national character must be largely affected by what the nation eats and drinks. And surely we may acquire a taste of that character by educating our palates.

Think Nationally.

Frequent the coffee-houses, read the local newspapers, and mix with crowds wherever you can. You must not miss a single bull-fight, nor must you be absent from the cock-pit on Sunday morning after mass. Make a practice of attending the law courts and look in if you like at the Contes, though that is scarcely a national institution. I might go on giving you good advice by the hour, but I think I have said enough to put you in the right way. When you have begun to think in Spanish, then it may begin to be time for you to visit the ordinary monuments, though by then I hope you will have lost all inclination to do so.

Some Golden Rules.

A different method will, of course, be necessary in every country, and I wish I had time to explain how local colour may be acquired everywhere. Perhaps I will write a book about it some day. Meanwhile, as a final piece of advice, I would urge you to avoid the railways as much as possible, or else to alight at little wayside stations and trust to chance. The greatest obstacle to pleasant travel is the necessity of taking luggage. The best plan is to send trunks on from big town to big town, and wander about in the intervals with what you are able to carry. Some people sing the praises of walking tours; but any luggage at all then becomes a nuisance, and you will probably be no less miserable without it. I have sometimes hired a man to carry a bag or a knapsack for me, but I have then generally wished that I had carried the burthen myself. One plan is to ride and take baggage on pack-horses or mules; but the drawback is that they make it impossible to travel fast or far. It might be the best plan of all to travel only by river, with plenty of luggage on board, and find moorings wherever fancy suggested.

The Search for Adventure.

Perhaps the supreme joy of travel is to be found in the opportunity for adventure. You may be mistaken for an escaped convict and run in by the police; or a gipsy may stab you in the back as you are climbing a tower; or brigands may carry you off and clip your long ears; or you may lose all your money and have to walk home. Of course such experiences are not always agreeable in themselves, but how pleasant they are to look back upon, particularly if you have just contrived to escape them. I always find, whenever I get into a hole abroad, that it is a great comfort to reflect how I shall afterwards relate the adventure. Besides, there is always a fair chance of adventures of a more friendly character. When you are here to-day and gone to-morrow, local ladies are usually much more ready to make your acquaintance. I remember once, in the uttermost parts of Hungary——. [The rest of this article has been suppressed by the censor.—Ed.].

OUR MODEL LIMERICK COMPETITION.
No "Expenses." Ten per cent. ADDED
See page 461.

AMONG THE MUMMERS.

Some New Managers.

Among the younger London managers one of the latest is Mr. Desmond Raleigh, who has leased the New Theatre for a season. I do not imagine that his productions have so far more than paid their way, if they have done this. But, presuming that he can last the distance, Mr. Raleigh may find his reward in due course. He has boldly given a trial already to a couple of new authors, and he has the works of others in his pigeon-holes. I trust that he may find the much-desired oof-bird roosting pleasantly inside one of these MSS.; at present we can only pronounce his discoveries promising, rather than successful. Another new management to which we may look forward with happy anticipation is that in process of organisation by Messrs. Jerrard Grant Allen and Jerrold Robertshaw. The latter is a fine actor—one of our best—who had done excellent work in the country before he came to town and scored a remarkable *succes d'estime* at the Garrick Theatre. Since then, we have seen him now and then in Central London, but far too seldom; and it is cheerful reading that soon he may have a regular home of his own and show us exactly what he can and cannot do. His partner, Mr. Grant Allen, is a son of the late Grant Allen, the famous nature writer, and is undoubtedly a young man with a future. For a while he managed the Criterion Theatre, but I fancy that his productions there, although admirable in most particulars, ate money rather than piled it up. However, Mr. Allen has ideas and taste and he has business knowledge, too; and I shall not be surprised if between them, Mr. Robertshaw and he create a management as interesting artistically as that of Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker and as prosperous as that of Messrs. Harrison and Maude at the Haymarket. There is plenty of room for youth and energy and liberalism among the actor-managements of London, especially such of them as constitute the prime market for the modern comedy of manners—which I think is likely to be the most distinctive demand of the London playgoer during the next ten years.

Wanted—Country Dramatists!

This brings me to a point made by Mr. Granville Barker in his lecture at Oxford on "The Economic Position of the Theatre"—a point which I have made in these columns once at least before. To pay their way in London—to meet the demand of £10,000 a year rental for one thing—commercially produced plays "must be constructed for an artificial London atmosphere"—and so run the risk of having neither a really English nor a genuinely universal application. I am a Nationalist, an English Nationalist, as well as a democrat, in matters of art, theatrical and otherwise. In London the development of the English drama is opposed, unconsciously, by a vast mass of alien financiers, alien critics, and alien patrons. A great part of it is more Hebraic than English, either in standpoint or detail; and although I have no prejudice against the Jew or the rich man of any sort, anywhere except in his frequent capacities of sweater or political corruptionist, I prefer that English art should be flavoured with the spirit of the shires, or even of the cotton-mill, the Brixton villa, or the Camberwell slum, than with the spirit of Park Lane or Petticoat Lane, or the Bowery. If we get great local art, in the end we shall get great universal art, of that be sure; and to this aim we want the contributions of Dublin, Manchester, Birmingham, and Glasgow, and even smaller schools of drama. We need decentralisation, so that we may get individuality; it is not well that all pieces written for the popular theatre in England should have to pass, or be intended to pass, the Cockney, or Cockney-Hebrew, or American-German standards that so largely dominate the London theatres to-day. Mr. Granville Barker claims to be "the only London theatre manager who is not a Conservative, a Moderate, and a Reactionary"; and he asks for a municipal theatre to remedy the defects of the present system.

The Municipal Theatre.

I look to such a theatre as part of the educational scheme of the future; but I know that it is hopeless to try and obtain one so long as the popular drama is reprobated *in toto* on the one hand by the Nonconformist Conscience, and supplied as to nine-tenths of its whole by foreign financiers, with the keenest and roundest of noses for the protection of vested interest and a tremendous influence on the Press. Given half-a-dozen producing centres in the provinces, run by local capital, and local men, and fed by local dramatists, we should be on the highway to what Mr. Granville Barker and myself, and many other true friends of the theatre desire to see, with or without the aid of municipal subsidies. The first object of these producing centres should be frankly the amusement of the people, not their obvious instruction; the things we learn most effectively are the things that we learn indirectly, almost imperceptibly. Taste is absorbed slowly; it cannot be driven in by mallets. We must abhor, in our propagandist efforts, all talk of making the drama "not an entertainment, but an art." For even those Englishmen who like good pictures, good books, good music and good plays, hate as the devil hates holy water all cant of "Art for Art's sake," "the mission of Art," and such like catch-phrases of the common ruck of abnormalist. We want a theatre of all intelligent Englishmen; a national theatre with its roots in the enjoyment of the people, not in the back-parlour of the pedant or the office of Sir Moses Shixteen Per Shent.

Our Innocent Show-Girls.

Mr. Roy Horniman is a novelist of some talent, a bright enough dramatist, and an actor, but I did not know that he asked to be regarded also as a professional funny man, or a low comedian. Yet I may be mistaken. In his play, "The Education of Elizabeth"—which I am sincerely sorry has not been a success at the Apollo—he presents us with several types of theatrical woman. In consequence, he has been attacked in one of the papers because of a purely imaginary reflection on the virtue of the "chorus girl." There are no chorus girls in his play; but then mere dramatic critics are not supposed to notice little things like that. The ladies in question are what is known as "show girls." Now, I have met a number of these women, some wicked, some not. But I have never found one silly; I have always gathered that they knew their world very well indeed, and did what they wanted to do with eyes wide open. Not so, says Mr. Horniman, in the course of a protest against the critical misunderstanding. "These ladies go out to supper, but surely supper and respectability are not sworn enemies, even if the respectability be somewhat dyspeptic," he says. "These ladies are often very good friends of the man about town, and accept gifts from him, even to the extent of smart frocks, *without the least idea that anything more than kindness of heart prompts the gifts.* If they thought otherwise the presents would in a large majority of cases be rejected with scorn, and the scorn of a show girl is not to be lightly braved."

A Case for Inquiry.

I have never tried it; and I am left wondering whether Mr. Horniman has. If he will send me the names and addresses of the London show ladies who imagine that gilded youths or elderly gentlemen go about the supper-rooms of the town giving away dresses and jewels (and, incidentally, themselves) to virtuous maidens lacking only a wardrobe, all in the way of the higher altruism, I shall be obliged. The Charity Organisation Society or other suitable body ought to be put at once upon their track, or they'll get into trouble. But Mr. Horniman must know that this talk of his amounts only to so much footling humbug. That many young ladies take presents from rich men, without any idea of offering those rich men what the rich men think they are going to get in exchange, every man of the world knows; that young theatrical ladies do this guilelessly is a suggestion as absurd as those the critic made against Mr. Horniman. The average virtue of the stage woman is much of a muchness with that of her sisters outside the profession. It needs no defence by hints that she is in the habit of feebly imitating the demi-mondaine in the interest of her millinery account; of being guilty of as mean a false pretence as any cast-off on the exterior boulevards who lives by rifling the pockets of her drunken victims. Really, Mr. Horniman! Elizabeth might do much worse than take you in hand and see what twelve months of careful education would do for you. If the dear girl thinks well of the idea, I will send her a syllabus.

P.

HOW TO INCREASE YOUR INCOME.—Striking Success. Write at once for pamphlet, which will be sent post free on mentioning this paper. The CITY AND WESTMINSTER EXCHANGE, LTD., Stock and Share Dealers, QUEEN ANNE'S CHAMBERS, WESTMINSTER, S.W. Telephone Nos.: 367 Westminster and 7765 Gerrard. Tele. Ad.: "Stockwork," London.—Advt.

ANNUITY
£1,000 a year for Life.

THE BOARD OF TRADE RETURNS DECIDE IF IT IS YOURS

Logical Reasons for this Offer.

Our object in making this munificent offer is to bring the SPECIAL merits of "Tonides" Cigarettes (Turkish, Egyptian, and Virginia) conclusively before your notice, by securing your patronage for the first specimen 100, even though you may think you are satisfied with the brand of cigarettes you are at present smoking.

Perhaps nearly every man purchases a box of 25 per week; but it is obviously better to buy them by the 100, the only way this series of "Tonides" Cigarettes are put up in. No doubt you will have noticed that you pay more for cigarettes in boxes of 25 compared with the price per 100.

If to add to your income should be of little account, then reflect upon what you might be enabled to do with the command of an independent income of £1,000 per annum.

Although this must of necessity prove a costly advertisement, we are convinced that by thus concentrating our forces it will prove the most effective and economical in the end; and, at the same time, not detract from the prestige of an old-established firm, manufacturing high-class cigarettes, celebrating this, its one-hundredth year.

Special Merits of Tonides (Pronounced Toneedes).

Tobacco leaves of fine texture (of which "Tonides" Cigarettes are made) contain much less nicotine than tobacco leaves of coarse texture; consequently, are purest to the viveur and connoisseur. They are milder in smoking, yet full of a rich delicate flavour and aroma, the best and most costly.

Fine texture tobacco—synonymous of finest quality and minimum nicotine—is of primary consideration in high-class cigarettes. But "Tonides" possess a still further distinguishing feature essentially their own, which is—an inimitable blend of fine texture tobacco, that permits of their being freely smoked and inhaled without encountering crudities or ill-effects.

To fully enjoy the rich delicacy of their flavour, they should be smoked slowly. Slow inhalation will give them a distinctive charm over all other cigarettes.

Participants' Interests Zealously Guarded.

Insurance Company's Guarantee.

A. Out of each 500 "Tonides" Cigarettes sold, the full price for 100, or one-fifth the total receipts, will be set aside (without any deductions being made) to produce sufficient capital to effect the Annuity through any large Insurance Company, selected by the successful participant, which would be a sufficient guarantee of the annual payment.

B. In the event of the number of participants falling short of producing a sufficient sum to effect a Life Annuity of £1,000 on the age of the person, then the annuity will be based as upon the total capital realised in the manner mentioned above.

C. Should, however, the total capital realised exceed the sum required to effect the annuity of £1,000 on the age of the person, as is fully anticipated, then the firm are not liable to provide a larger annuity than £1,000.

D. The whole of the money for the purpose of taking out the Annuity will be banked separately at Barclay's Bank, and can only be drawn in favour of the successful participant by the joint signatures of the Firm and the Chartered Accountants.

Chartered Accountant's' Certificate.

E. Our Auditors, Messrs. Smith & Earle, Chartered Accountants, 26, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W., will audit the whole of the figures comprised within this undertaking, and issue a certificate verifying the amount to be used for the purchase of the Annuity with the Insurance Company selected. The better to assure individual and impartial fairness, no one, not even ourselves, or the Board of Trade officials, will know the total number of lbs. of tobacco imported until NINE days after the closing date, January 29th, 1908, on which date the Chartered Accountants close the register for all participants' estimates (see Invitation Conditions below).

The Final Result and Date.

F. Every participant's estimated figures of the number of pounds of Tobacco imported to the United Kingdom, in accordance with the Official Figures published by the Board of Trade for the month of January, 1908, will be rigorously examined by the Chartered Accountants.

G. The result of the award will be published on Saturday, the 15th of February, 1908, in the *Daily Telegraph, Times, Standard, Tribune, Glasgow Herald, Daily Mail, and Daily Express.*

Invitation Conditions.

This invitation is advanced to those who purchase high-class cigarettes only, and not to the general public, as the prices and quality will tend to show.

1. One estimate only can be sent to us for each 100 cigarettes, purchased at the usual prices, which will be sent to any address within the United Kingdom, postage paid. First order a single hundred, as we are particularly desirous that the quality and general excellence of production of "Tonides" Cigarettes shall be the determining factor weighing within your mind, before ordering a larger supply.

2. The Annuity will be awarded for the nearest estimate in figures of the total number of lbs. of Tobacco imported to the United Kingdom during the month of January, 1908.

As data upon which you may base your estimate the imports for the corresponding months in the two preceding years were, *i.e.*—

Month of January, 1906 ..... 8,135,192 lbs.
Month of January, 1907 ..... 8,753,703 lbs.

3. I agree to accept the figures published officially by the Board of Trade, also the figures of the Chartered Accountants, and the decision of the Firm as final and binding, and in accordance with the Invitation Conditions.

4. If, when going through the estimates between the 7th and 14th February, 1908, two participants give the correct or nearest correct estimate, then the award will be made to the participant whose order reached us first.

5. You will observe that someone must, and unquestionably shall, be fortunate enough to secure this Life Annuity, and under no circumstances will it be divided, but will be awarded in a complete form.

6. No member of the firm, nor any of their employés, nor anyone interested in the undertaking, nor any employé of the Excise (whose work involves the handling of these figures), is eligible.

7. The enormity of this Annuity precludes our presenting further consolationary awards, the opportunity of success being co-equal.

8. Participants' estimates should reach us as early as possible. No estimates can be accepted after January 29th, 1908. The award will be published on Saturday, February 15th, 1908, in the *Daily Telegraph, Times, Standard, Tribune, Glasgow Herald, Daily Mail,* and *Daily Express.*

9. Participants' Interests zealously guarded, see A, B, C, D, E, F, G, under this heading.

Your Money Returned within 7 Days if not Satisfied.

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Quantity.			Per 100.
	TURKISH.		
	Fine "Texture,"		
.....	Silk Tipped, Large	-	at 17/6
.....	Magnum - -	-	at 10/6
.....	Format - -	-	at 6/6
	VIRGINIA.		
.....	Fine "Texture" - -		at 6/-
	EGYPTIAN.		
.....	Fine "Texture" - -		at 10/6

Participants may remit for 500 or more, and have 100 sent each week, fortnight, or month, as selected.

Participants ordering their requirements NOW for CHRISTMAS, will ensure delivery on the date they require them.

One estimate only can be given in the spaces below for EACH 100 cigarettes ordered.

No.....
Participant's Registered No.

From .....190.....

I enclose my remittance crossed _____ & Co. as per price opposite the quantity of TONIDES Cigarettes selected. Kindly Register my name and estimate given below for each 100 ordered in accordance with the invitation conditions.

Signature in full, Style or Title } .....

Address (postal).....

Town .....

AMONG THE BOOKS.

By Herbert Vivian.

"Two-Legs and Other Stories." By Carl Ewald. Translated from the Danish by Alexander Teixeira De Mattos. (London: Methuen. 1907. Price 6s.)

Mr. Teixeira is a prince amongst translators. He does not merely translate: he transfigures. By his subtle skill he falsifies the Italian proverb *traduttore traditore* (a translator is a traitor). He has caught precisely the right style for fairy stories, combining simplicity with elegance. And his tales—for they are his now that he has raised them to a polite language—are unlike any I have ever read before. They are full of delightful little surprises in the shape of genial wit. Two-Legs is a human being who arrives with his wife in a forest, and has a variety of adventures before he succeeds in establishing his authority over the other animals. I do not know what the moral is, unless it be that cleverness in one creature causes misfortune to others.

"François Auguste Rodin." By Frederick Lawton. (London: Mrs. Richards. 1907. Price 2s. net.)

Who on earth wants to read about Rodin? It is bad enough to have to look at his hideous sculpture. He seems to have chosen all the most repulsive subjects he could find, and has added to their horror by his disgusting and offensive treatment. If anything could make me forgive him for his work, it would be his cruel caricature of Mr. Bernard Shaw. I have never had the annoyance of seeing Mr. Shaw, but I assume that Rodin's bust of him is a caricature, for surely no human being could resemble an anthropoid ape so closely. The bust of Rochefort represents the abortive offspring of a devil and a maniac. Victor Hugo, scratching his ear, has an arm like a leg, and appears to be in the last stage of intoxication. Balzac is made to look as though he were suffering from some loathsome disease. The position of "The Thinker" is almost as ungraceful as that of John Stuart Mill's statue on the Embankment. The Danaïd might be an old clothes-bag filled with joints of meat. I am sorry to express myself so strongly, but I feel that it is high time to utter a protest against the works of a man who has deliberately set himself to glorify ugliness. Happily, this little book is so terribly dull that very few people are likely to read it.

"The Adventures of Count O'Connor in the Dominions of the Great Mogul." Edited by Henry Stace. (London: Rivers. 1907. Price 6s.)

Forgetting that good wine needs no bush, the publishers inform me that they "presume to think" this book "remarkable." They further presume to praise it for its "literary style and delicious humour." While condemning their presumption, I am unfortunately obliged to praise the book, which is very good indeed. It purports to record the reminiscences of an Irishman at the Court of the Great Mogul, and it is so life-like and natural that I did not feel quite sure whether it was indeed fiction until I found a jackal represented as ferocious. The whole book is charming, but I was especially attracted by a story about a cobbler.

> In his old age he took a beautiful wife. She was, indeed, one of those of whom the poet Nafzawi tells us that their beauty is intended by Allah to foreshadow the delights of the Faithful in Paradise. She was slender as the letter Alif, or as a willow twig, and her beauty was a snare to the servants of Allah. But the Compassionate, whose Name be exalted, endowed her with virtue equal to her beauty, so that in all that country there was none so beautiful and none so chaste. . . . The cobbler called his wife to him and said, "Be thou in the way on the morrow when the Prince goeth past, and when his eyes shall fall upon thee, do thou raise the corner of thy veil, so that he may see thy beauty."
>
> And she that was virtuous answered, "To hear is to obey, O my husband; but there is great evil in this matter. Wherefore shall I show the Prince that which is another's? Perchance he may desire what it is not lawful for him to have."
>
> But the cobbler replied, "Do thou as I have commanded thee." And she answered, "It is done." . . . When the Prince saw her beauty—'twas but a glimpse, for the cobbler's wife dropped her veil quickly—he became as one who has drunk deep of rose-scented wine. He cried, "There is no strength nor power but in God, the Compassionate, the Merciful. And sure this is one of the Spouses of Paradise." He called one of his eunuchs, and said, "Discover the name of yonder damsel." And the eunuch answered, "Which damsel, my lord?" "Oh, thou of disgraced parentage," cried the Prince; "she yonder, who is like the moon in her beauty." . . . When he had returned to the Palace the eunuch revealed to him what the bystanders had said—how that the woman was a wife, and virtuous. When the Prince heard those words his heart was contracted, and he fell into a swoon. He was a just Prince and a merciful; Allah had softened his heart, so that he would not seize any man's wife; nor would he send a husband upon dangerous errands, so that he might be free to take the woman of his desire. . . . And for three days after that he would not eat nor sleep, but wept unceasingly. And after three days he sent a messenger privily to the cobbler's house, praying the woman to yield herself to him. But she would not . . . Now when the cobbler knew these things he went to his wife and said, "When the Prince shall come to thee on the morrow, do thou say to him, 'I will yield me unto thee for this day only for a thousand pieces of gold.' And each day thou shalt do this, and I shall obtain great riches." And she replied, "I will not."
>
> Then the cobbler was angry, and he abused her, and heaped evil words upon her, and he took a stick and beat her. And because of his blows she wept, and two tears grew and hung upon her eyes, and they gathered and brimmed over. And they fell upon the ground and rolled to the feet of the cobbler. And he took them up, and lo they were two pearls, perfect and round, each the counterpart of the other. For each pearl he received one thousand pieces of gold, and he returned to his house, vowing that the jeweller had robbed him.
>
> And after that the cobbler beat his wife every day, so that she wept; and each day she shed two tears, and each was a pearl.
>
> Now her life became wearisome to his wife by reason of his constant beatings, and she bethought her how she might end it. At length she went to a certain wise old woman, and having related her case, she asked for help. . . .
>
> Then the old woman said, "Know, then, that if thou shouldst put off thy chastity, nay, if even thy heart should incline lovingly to a man other than thy husband, this gift would be withdrawn from thee. Then wouldst thou weep tears of bitter water, and those pearls which thy husband hath would become each of them a poisonous serpent. And the serpents would devour him, and thou wouldst be free from his cruelty."

The old woman then went to the Prince and suggested that he should send for the cobbler and his wife. The woman then explained to the Prince how her husband beat her because she wept pearls.

> Then the woman said, "My Lord, dost thou truly love me?"
>
> And the Prince answered, "Thou knowest that I love thee. There is nothing that I would not do to possess thee."

Then she proposed that the Prince should be beaten in her stead. He agreed, and it was done.

> And a little drop of blood fell upon the woman's sleeve, and she raised her arm and looked at it. And as she did so, on a sudden her heart was changed, and she loved the Prince, who bled for her, to spare her the stripes that were due. And she cried out, "O my Lord, sure I love thee now, because thou hast taken my stripes upon thee." And she wept with sorrow that the Prince should suffer pain and humiliation because of her.
>
> Then the pearls burst open, and serpents issued from them and wound themselves around his neck. And he shrieked and fell upon the ground, and the serpents caressed him with poisonous lips, so that he died of their kisses. . . .
>
> So the Prince took her and wed her, and she bare him many sons.

"Folk of the Wild." By Bertram Atkey. (London: Richards. 1907. Price 6s.)

Mr. Atkey gives us to understand in his preface that he is a born story-teller. He used to weave romances about animals when he was one of "four very small people sitting in the sunshine under the walls of a haystack." He continued in the same career for the benefit of a school dormitory. Now he comes before a still more critical audience. In the bygone days the four very small people "had a grievous habit of falling asleep over" his stories. I should not be surprised if some of his readers did the same to-day. Occasionally he gives us a fresh turn of phrase, but on the whole he is desperately dull. And most of the pictures are appropriately bad.

"When Hawkins Sailed the Sea." By Tinsley Pratt. (London: Richards. 1907. Price 3s. 6d.)

The usual twaddle about the Spanish Main. Pictures of people who look like microbes or bottle imps give the book away, and the adventures are a little difficult to follow, but they may appeal to such British boys as appreciate any story provided that it is accompanied by a plentiful supply of bloodshed and a sufficiently noisy clash of arms.

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J. 1511.

OPEN LETTERS AND POST-CARDS.

To the Right Hon. Lloyd-George, President, Board of Trade.

Dear Lloyd-George,—Until this moment I never knew what was the exact purport of the Board of Trade on this fair earth. I knew it was not a Board, and I had been led to suppose that it never did anything for Trade. Now it is discovered. You have revealed the Man in the machine; probably you are the only Man who was ever in it. I congratulate you on the magnificent piece of practical work you have done for the country. It appeals to us all, and directly touches us all. We can feel its benefit in comfort, convenience, and pocket.

It must have been a stiff job. You did not rush into it blind-eyed and feather-headed. You awaited the crucial moment patiently; then we saw the machine going, and you jumped out alive. To find a live man in such a place amazed us all. We thought the Board of Trade was an institution for the burial of political reputations; but evidently you are a miraculous intervention of Providence. As such, you set about your work with tact, skill, and enthusiasm at the right time and in the right place, and brought one of the most serious industrial crises of our day to an honourable and satisfactory close.

This great accomplishment has immeasurably increased your reputation. In the days of the Liberal Opposition I knew you as a sort of harem-scarem, the first in a row and the last out of it. At a bound you have shown yourself a practical statesman of sane and ready administrative capacity. I welcome the revelation, albeit I do not like you so much when you assume the mantle of the missioner and temperance reformer. Still, as President of the Board of Trade, you have come to great things, and you have come like a great man. With Burns and yourself in office, two, at least, of these phantom "Boards" look like jumping into real being. Good luck and long life to you both.

JOHN BULL.

P.S.—By the way, did you get much help from your colleague, the Archbishop of Canterbury? Or did he regard a strike as a "regrettable necessity"?

To Mr. Richard Bell, M.P.

My Dear Dick,—The situation at the present moment reminds me somewhat of the race in "Alice in Wonderland," when the dodo announced that everybody had won, and that everybody must have prizes. You and your railway men, and Mr. Lloyd-George and his Government, and the railway directors and their shareholders, have all won prizes. The only thing that puzzles me is why, if the problem was so easy to solve, has there been all this fuss? Why did the companies refuse recognition of Trade Unions, and still pretend to refuse it, when, for all practical purposes, they have granted it? And was it really necessary to fill our minds with alarm about all the horrors of a strike which was never really intended to occur? In any case, it is satisfactory to reflect that the agitation has been conducted with so much good humour. In no other country would this have been possible, nor under any other leader than yourself would it have been probable, even in great Britain. I only wish that other Labour leaders possessed as much common sense and moderation as yourself. You have done well, by George!

JOHN BULL.

To Jan Ignace Paderewski, Esq., Greatest Living Pianist, Europe.

Many happy returns of the other day, Paddy, dear, when you achieved your forty-seventh birthday. I like your playing immensely, but I would not like to live next door to you. I should be in constant dread lest your piano came through the wall.

I suppose you are the greatest living pianist really, or, at all events, one of them, and that this is the reason why you do not get your hair cut? Nobody who gets his hair cut can play the piano, and the more hair he has the better he can play. The reason, of course, is that hair is the soul of art, and art is the soul of music.

Judging by the quantities of hair you have given away to your lady admirers, I am surprised that you have so much left. For years you have been shedding your locks all over Europe and America. You have now reached an age when you should economise your output. When a man is moving onwards towards the fifties, hair becomes more precious than ever. Besides, I believe London, Vienna, Paris, Berlin, and Washington are now all supplied. Don't part with any more anyway, or you may soon have none to part.

I trust trade is awfully good, and that you still have an iron frame. Nobody of my acquaintance makes as much money out of the piano as you do, though I dare say Kubelik, who plays divinely on the fiddle and also cultivates hair, is doing rather well. In one season, I understand, you have made as much as £200,000; yet you cultivate pigs in your Swiss home. But, then, they are not only bacon, but music.

When are we to have you next in London? And how is the monument to the memory of Chopin, in Warsaw, getting on? I am told that you propose to build it entirely with the proceeds of the sale of your autograph, your charge being five francs per aut. I charge less for mine, but, of course, there is not so much of it. When a man has got to write "Jan Ignace Paderewski," the price naturally runs to money. The cost of ink and paper must be enormous. Though foreign, you are such a good fellow that your wife is probably as proud of you as if they called you plain Smith. But, of course, if you were called Smith, you wouldn't be a greatest living pianist; at least, you wouldn't be able to persuade anybody to admit it. So, by all means go on playing. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. W. R. Hearst, New York.

My Dear Willie,—Ez I figure it, yew ain't doin' any good by trying tew git up a new scare-head about this country, an' yew'd show common sense by striking a better job than playin' with the lion's tail. Not thet the noble animal is short-tempered, but thet it air a foolish thing tew do.

It was one thing tew defend yourself after seven years' silence agin the alligator who said yew telegraphed to your artist in Havana, "Yew dew the pictures, an' I'll provide the war." It was another tew attack England ez Unk Jonothan's "historic enemy" an' tew insinuate thet ef Japan made war agin Ameriker it would be bekase England egged her on tew it. I ain't saying that a yearn of thet kind ain't good political chewin'-gum fer some purposes an' among some people in your electoral campaign, but I'm dummed ef it air fair an' honest skittles. Unk Jonothan an' I air the best of friends, an' I guess thet if Teddy Roosevelt came over this side the boys would fix him up some applause that would dew his heart good tew hear.

We git any number of foreign potentates in this country from time tew time fer entente cordiales, an other drinks, an' I can't figger why yew don't send yewr American monarch tew try some of our turtle soup also. Teddy air jest ez welcome ez the flowers in May, the German Emperor, or the King that had the misfortin' tew lose his hull fleet in the vicinity of Cuba. It ain't ez ef there was any barrier of tongues agin 'im. In this country we understand the American language perfectly, an' Teddy wouldn't be with us two hours afore he picked up enough English tew feel himself at home. Ef yew could git him over yew'd be doin' a dummed sight more good than by fakin' an agitation agin the country which ez bin the buzzum friend of Ameriker ever since yewr ancestors upset the tea in Boston Harbour an' invented the man who never told a lie.

This air my opinion, anyway, an' it expresses the sentiments of all British hearts. Ef you didn't own a hull collection of yeller journals, you wouldn't amount to a penny doll stuffed with sawdust in the international situation. But under Providence things being ez they air, it is in yewr power tew play into the hands of American Jingoes, an' so I respictfully request thet you'll drop it. It takes two tew make a quarrel, anyhow, an' I ain't reckoning tew be one of them. Blood being thicker than corpse-reviver an' gin sling, Unk and I ain't fools enough tew start a row just tew sell two-an-a-half cent papers. Yew air hot stuff, too hot by a lot, an' I hereby recommend yew tew put your head under the pump.

JOHN BULL.

To Miss Nellie Wager, c/o Mr. W. Preedy, Newton Road, Bayswater.

You seem an enterprising maiden, Nellie, but now you know you don't come within the meaning of the Compensation Act; not this time, anyhow. Next time you are engaged in carrying a tray of tea things down stairs, don't wear your high heels, or you will probably trip yourself up again, and will also get no money when you sue. The Marylebone jury rightly came to the conclusion that a servant-girl who wears high heels in the house and slips on the stair carpet is not entitled to damages. If you want to hurt yourself and smash other people's crockery on a paying basis, you must wear comfortable house shoes or boots, which will reduce your stature by two inches. High life is all very well in its way, but it must, in your case, be confined to below stairs.

If you can only find a hole in the carpet, catch a slippered foot in it, tumble down stairs from top to bottom, and break any part of your anatomy which you don't happen to want for the moment, you will have an excellent chance of getting sufficient damages to pay your expenses while at rest. On the other hand, high heels will only saddle you with lawyers' expenses if you live, and saddle your parents with funeral expenses if you die. If you will have the fashion, you must lose by the folly.

JOHN BULL.

THE KAISER'S RECEPTION IN THE CITY.

"For he's a jolly good fellow."

IN THE CITY.

THE ALLSOPP CRISIS.

In view of the forthcoming meeting of Allsopp's, we shall next week address some pertinent questions to the Directorate. In the meantime, we advise shareholders to realise. It is common knowledge that even creditors are endeavouring to underwrite their claims—in view of the alarming state of things which will be disclosed by the accounts.

According to our information, the position is hopeless, but we are not at all sure that incompetent management alone is the explanation.

CAMMELL, LAIRD, AND CO.

The inner history of the dispute between Cammell, Laird, and Co. and the Government, has still to be written. For some time past rumours have been current of trouble between the company and the Admiralty, with the result that the £5 shares, which a few months ago were at 9, fell to 5¼. At the beginning of last week it was officially announced that the differences between the company and the Government had been adjusted, and that the company would remain on, or rather be restored to, the Government list. At the same time it was stated that the managing directors, although "individually unacquainted with the circumstances that directly caused the recent difficulties," had resigned their seats upon the Board, and indeed the official announcement might be read to mean that this was a condition of the restoration of the company to the Government list. However that may be, and we do not say that this reading is correct, more light is wanted upon the situation. How is it that the managing directors, who are held up to the shareholders as blameless, knew nothing about "the circumstances that directly caused the recent difficulties." And surely the shareholders have a right to information as to what the quarrel has cost them, as to how it has affected the year's profits or business of the company.

The mystery is not lessened by what appears to be an authoritative statement in the Liverpool Journal of Commerce, to the effect that "the irregularities which occurred at Grimesthorpe were not of recent date, and were practically in relation to minor matters, and that they were irregularities which for the most part took place two years ago." But if this is true, and the whole truth, why should the Chairman of the Company, Mr. John M. Laird, who is so closely associated with its fortunes, and the two managing directors, Messrs. Longden and Fairholme, consider it necessary to resign? Ancient irregularities, dealing with minor matters only, of which these gentlemen had no cognisance until very recently, when action was taken, are surely no sufficient ground for breaking up the Board and retiring its leading members. According to the Journal of Commerce—and we have no reason to suggest that its information is not correct—"the irregularities among subordinates had never been reported to Mr. Laird until the beginning of the inquiry." If that be so, it makes it all the more remarkable that Mr. Laird should have thought it necessary to resign the Chairmanship.

SPIERS AND POND, LIMITED.

We hear poor accounts of this Company. Changes are being made, but they are in the wrong direction. Staffs are being reduced and salaries lowered. The one may be necessary if business is dwindling, but the other is of the penny wise order. There are salaries paid by Spiers and Pond, Limited, that might very well be reduced, but those are not the ones that are being dealt with. It is the rank and file upon whom the experiments are being made. To give an example from a single department—the jewellery. Recently the clock-winder has been changed. The pay used to be 35s. a week—by no means an exorbitant wage. The new man gets 23s. Is that the way to confirm the wavering allegiance of old customers? Great businesses are not made, or saved, by this sort of economy. It may seem a small matter, this reduction of wage, but, in truth, it is a very important one for the shareholders of the Company, for it shows that the directors are still influenced by an essentially unsound conception, by the belief that dividends can be earned by docking their customers—of quality at the bar and counter, of competence in service.

CHARING CROSS BANK.

A correspondent has directed our attention to an article which appears in the issue of *Truth* of November 6th, headed "A Warning to Charing Cross Bank Investors," and asks our opinion upon it and its allegations. In reply to very numerous inquiries as to whether readers would be wise in accepting the high rates of interest offered by the Charing Cross Bank, we have invariably refused to recommend such deposits, and we have given our reasons, but in reply to further inquiries as to the financial position of the bank we have said that it is very difficult with a concern of this sort to know its real position, but that so far as our information goes we believe its financial position to be equal to its requirements. We observe, however, that *Truth* alleges that there are material misrepresentations in the advertisements issued by the bank, and which state that at the date of the last balance-sheet there was a surplus of £371,078, the genuine assets amounting to £1,607,949. Our contemporary makes other allegations which are of a most damaging character. It is not necessary for us here and now to express an opinion as to whether these allegations are justified or not, but there cannot be any difference of opinion as to the course incumbent upon the Charing Cross Bank if it desires to follow honourable precedent. It must either insist upon *Truth* withdrawing its statements or appeal to the Courts for protection and redress. Unless and until it does that our readers who may be attracted by the exceptional interest it offers should have nothing to do with the bank. ***Meantime the bank's advertisement is removed from our columns.***

THE "TIMES" AND ITS DEBTORS.

From time to time there are strange rumours about the methods for which the *Times* is responsible in connection with its book department. The *Times* itself has always been managed in accordance with the best traditions of the British trading world, but of late years, and, as many think, unfortunately for itself, it has become associated with enterprises outside its own proper business, and is directed by persons more accustomed to American than British methods.

A gentleman named Kolkenbeck, of 19, Eastcheap, E.C., has put before us what has happened to him in connection with the purchase of an "Encyclopædia Britannica." In March, 1904, Mr. Kolkenbeck bought a copy and arranged for payment by 74 monthly instalments. We give below a copy of the formal agreement. Here it is:—

ORDER FORM.

No. H. 122.

The Manager, *The Times*. Dec 14th, 1903.

Please credit me on account of my purchase of the ¾-Levant Encyclopædia Britannica with the sum of 2 guineas already paid by me for the use of the volumes. I agree to make to you, or to anyone you may appoint, 74 monthly payments of 10s. each, the first of these further payments to be made three months from the date of this order, and the succeeding payments on the corresponding day of *each month* following.

Please also send me, as soon as it is ready, and free of charge, your new portable oak bookcase, to hold the thirty-five volumes.

(Signed) A. Kolkenbeck,
(Address) 9, Canonbie Road, Honor Oak, S.E.

It will be found that the last payment under this contract is due in May, 1910, and Mr. Kolkenbeck tells us that all the instalments have been paid regularly, and that as a matter of fact the instalment due on the 4th inst. was sent by him by cheque on the 3rd inst. In proof he sends us the receipt, which is as follows:—

No. 33,458.

"THE TIMES" REPRINT OF THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.

Received from A. Kolkenbeck, Esq., £1 10s. on account for the Encyclopædia Britannica.

With thanks,
H. E. Hooper,
London, Nov. 4th, 1907. (per J. F.).

There can, therefore, be no question as to Mr. Kolkenbeck being in arrears. He bought the Encyclopædia upon the conditions of payment which he has fulfilled, and his surprise will be understood when on November 7th he received the following registered letter:—

Leanox House, Norfolk Street, Strand, London,
October, 1907.

Sir,—We beg to give you notice that, by an indenture of assignment dated the 24th day of October, 1907, made between Arthur Fraser Walter (Manager of *The Times* newspaper), of the one part, and Horace Everett Hooper of the

An opportunity to earn from £5 per week upwards. Learn to write advertisements. Prospectus and list of employed students post free.—Page Davis Advertising School (Dept. 48), 136, Oxford Street, London, W.—Advt.

other part, certain debts or sums of money specified in the schedule thereto, amongst others being a debt due from you to the said Arthur Fraser Walter amounting to £14 10s., were assigned to the said Horace Everett Hooper, of 125, High Holborn, in the County of Middlesex, and we have to request that you will forthwith pay the said sum to the said Horace Everett Hooper, of 125, High Holborn, aforesaid.

Yours truly,
SOAMES, EDWARDS AND JONES.

To A. Kolkenbeck, Esq.,
9, Canonbie Road, Honor Oak, S.E.

It will be noted that in this letter Messrs. Soames, Edwards, and Jones demand payment "forthwith" of £14 10s. from Mr. Kolkenbeck, whereas nothing was due.

On the morning of the 8th inst. Mr. Kolkenbeck called upon Messrs. Soames, Edwards, and Jones, who are the solicitors to the *Times*, and, we may add, a highly respectable firm, and made strong complaint of the receipt of this letter. Mr. Kolkenbeck went so far as to characterise the document as "an impertinence," whereupon the member of the firm who had received him requested him to leave the office, which he did forthwith.

Mr. Kolkenbeck then went to Printing House Square and saw a person who, he says, was described to him as the private secretary of Mr. Hooper. This gentleman airily observed that the letter really meant nothing. In a case in which they had proceeded the defendant took up the ground that he was not indebted to Mr. Hooper but to the *Times*, and it was therefore found necessary to make a formal assignment to Mr. Hooper and to send out the circular of which Mr. Kolkenbeck complained. But that gentleman pointed out that whilst presumably it was within the right of the *Times* to make an assignment to Mr. Hooper, it was not within their power to assign rights of collection which they themselves did not possess. A second gentleman then appeared on the scene, and he informed Mr. Kolkenbeck that his view of the matter was obviously correct—but the *Times* was not responsible for the phraseology of the circular which was sent out by their solicitors, and for the language of which they were not answerable. And with that Mr. Kolkenbeck had to be content.

It is a strange position. It may be said that the credit given in the first instance was excessive, and no doubt it was unusual, but there is the contract. If the *Times* or its manager had suggested to the buyers of the Encyclopædia with six years to pay that it would be convenient if they paid up and that if they would do so a substantial discount would be offered, the *Times* would have been well within its rights. As a matter of fact, Mr. Kolkenbeck tells us that they have frequently asked him and others to pay up the balance remaining, but as they only offered a 5 per cent. discount there was obviously no advantage in doing so. The circular sent out by Messrs. Soames, Edwards and Jones is a document of an altogether different character. It is an attempt to enforce payment of monies that are not due, and will not be due for a considerable period; to enforce payment "forthwith," and the language used is of that peremptory character which is usually associated with the letters of solicitors to defaulting debtors. We understand—indeed, Mr. Kolkenbeck was informed at the *Times* office—that some 2,000 of these circulars have been sent out, and quite possibly a good many of the persons to whom they are addressed, overwhelmed by a solicitor's letter coming from the *Times* and demanding payment forthwith, will pay up, and so the object of the *Times*, or, rather, of the persons who shelter themselves behind the *Times*, or who are acting for the *Times*, will be achieved. But we are confident that this sort of thing cannot be approved by Mr. Walter and by Mr. Moberley Bell, and we shall be greatly surprised if steps are not taken by these gentlemen, now the facts are laid before them, to cancel the unfortunate circular upon which we have been commenting.

A TREMENDOUS DEPRECIATION.

A compilation of losses and shrinkages on 200 stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange from the high level of 1907 to the low level of this week, shows a total loss of over $3,000,000,000. What this means can best be judged by the fact that the country's money circulation of July 1, 1907, was $2,914,342,256.—This is as if the money circulation of the country were entirely wiped out.

ARNOLD AND BUTLER.

In view of an action brought by this firm against ourselves, and the trial of which is fixed for the 25th inst., we shall be glad to hear from any readers who may have had dealings with the firm and who have not already communicated with us.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

VARIOUS STOCKS.—H. W. (Northfield).—Fall in quotation, as you should know, does not necessarily imply reduction of dividend. Your list is a fairly good one, but the Rhodesian Railway debentures are likely to go lower, and we see no likelihood of the Linotype debentures going better.

TEMPERANCE PERMANENT BUILDING SOCIETY.—F. M. (Lewisham).—We think you may do so with safety. It is a well-managed society.

PROVIDENT BUILDING SOCIETY.—F. E. F. (Leicester).—We have no information respecting this Association.

THE RUSSIAN PETROLEUM AND LIQUID FUEL COMPANY.—We regret that we cannot send you a copy of the pamphlet. It is published anonymously.

ONE AND ALL SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—ST. J. R. (Camberwell), H. B. (Hull), W. D. M. (Glamorgan), J. B. (Stockport), and others.—We have already stated that, from inquiries we have made, we think the One and All a respectable institution, but its conditions require very careful study—more especially that which says "If at any time a drain is made on the Association, I agree to pay the levy called for by the Management."

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF QUALIFIED ACCOUNTANTS.—C. J. (Richmond).—If the advice you describe has been given you by a solicitor—as we assume from your letter—he would find himself in serious trouble if it came to the knowledge of the Court. We fear you are under liability for the debts. You say that Sir Albert Rollit was president, and that assurances were given that the Society would be registered, and members' liability limited. How and when was this assurance given, and what is Sir Albert Rollit's present relation to the Society? It might be useful to place the whole of the facts before a competent and reputable solicitor, who would explain your legal position in the matter, and advise you how best to act. Let us know how you get on.

THREE INSURANCE COMPANIES.—A. T. S. (Richmond).—There is no advantage to be got from going to third-rate concerns of this sort. If you want to insure, do so with a Company of standing. If you will give us the necessary particulars, and the kind of insurance that appeals to you, we will tell you the best office to insure with—at any rate, a good office.

SIMMER AND JACK EAST.—JACK SIMMER (Gravesend).—(1) The Consolidated Gold Fields and Messrs. Wernher, Beit and Co. are interested. The Consolidated Gold Fields hold a large number of shares, and half a million 5½ Per Cent. First Debentures, issued in 1904, are guaranteed by the Company, whilst £400,000 Second Debentures were issued through the same Company in 1905. We should hold for the present.

THE MAJESTIC ASSURANCE COMPANY.—I. G. W. (Bromley-by-Bow).—You have been misinformed. The answer to your question is in the affirmative. KINGSTON (Leeds).—Yes.

RELIANCE FIRE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY.—H. B. (Peckham).—We should prefer another selection.

SPENCER, SANTO AND CO.—MAYO (Wargrave).—(1) We are afraid there is little likelihood of the shares getting back at an early date to 23s. (2) Yes. it is a "perfectly straightforward concern," so far as we know. (3) We hesitate to advise you to part with your shares at anywhere near the present quotation.

LIFE AND HEALTH ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.—C. W. C. (Fulham).—We think not.

CONSOLIDATED GOLD FIELDS.—F. B. (Brighton).—It is true that the payment of the 12½ per cent. dividend reduces the profit carried forward to £85,168, as against about £2,000,000 in the year you name, but assets have been written down to a very low figure, and two of the principal producing mines in which the Company is interested are doing well.

FURNESS, WITHY AND CO., LIMITED.—W. D. (Newcastle-upon-Tyne).—We should leave it alone. The prospectus withholds material information, and we never advise our readers to apply for shares in companies which are not open with the public when asking for their monies. What is known of the two companies to be taken over by Furness, Withy and Co., Limited, is not suggestive of a good bargain on the part of the latter Company. Quite the contrary.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—WILMOT (Glasgow).—The ordinary shares of D. H. Evans would give you what you want, and represent a very sound security.

SCOTTISH EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—G. C. H. (Harrow).—(1) We think so. The Society is well managed, and in a strong position. (2) We do not think the Motor shares worth the price you name, and we advise you not to buy them at any price.

NORWICH UNION LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—H. C. (Maida Hill).—It is an enterprising and progressive office. Its bonuses on its last distribution in 1903 more than maintained the former high standard of excellence.

FARROW'S BANK.—J. C. (Bury St. Edmunds).—You will see a reference made to the matter in our last issue.

FREDERICK SAGE AND CO.—R. B. (Tunbridge Wells).—We should prefer another selection. The prospectus showed profits for six years averaging £23,580 per annum, sufficient to cover the preference dividend three times over. The first year's trading (1906) showed a net profit of £46 only.

LIBERIAN RUBBER CORPORATION.—A CONSTANT READER (Ealing).—There are very few dealings.

PREMIUM BONDS.—CAREFUL (Greenock).—The Bonds are genuine enough, but the price you name is much too high.

NORTHERN COPPERS.—AJAX (Crouch End).—We should not increase the holding. They are of doubtful value.

LIVERPOOL VICTORIA FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—VICTORIA (Luton).—We know of no reason why you should not. It is a well-managed, and steadily growing, institution, financially strong.

ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE, LIMITED.—B. S. G. (Bromley).—We should not advise it.

RHODESIAN EXPLORATION.—MIDLANDS (Syston).—Better keep out of them.

VARIOUS SHARES.—WITHY (Wakefield).—(1) We should not be inclined to increase your holding. The amalgamation does not commend itself to us. (2) We think these shares are worth buying at their present low price. (3) The Deep Lead shares would be a very speculative purchase. (4) Have nothing to do with these people. (5) Ditto. We are glad to know that in the past, following our advice, in opposition to that given you by others, has saved you from substantial loss. BRASS (Kenfield).—You have given us a list of thirteen Companies, and you want us to tell you which of them are the best for you to become interested in. It would be very difficult to name thirteen Companies of more undesirable character. Have nothing to do with any of them.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE BUILDING SOCIETY.—W. E. B. (Walthamstow).—The answer is in the affirmative.

BRITISH EQUITABLE BOND AND MORTGAGE COMPANY.—J. L. (Dingle).—We do not think that under the circumstances you will be well advised in acting upon the advice your friend gives you.

INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES SYNDICATE.—A WOMAN IN NEED (Laxey).—Throw the "Blue Book," as you call it, into the fire. You describe yourself as a woman in need, and say that you would "like to make a little money," as you are badly off. All the money you have you are likely to lose if you dabble in Stock Exchange speculations.

VINOLIA PREPS.—G. R. G. (Forfar).—We should be disposed to accept one or the other of the offers made to you by Messrs. Lever Bros.

THE TINGHA CONSOLIDATED TIN MINES.—F. O.—We know nothing about this New South Wales concern.

N.B. TRUST.—READER (Liverpool).—You must give us the full name and address if we are to answer your inquiry.

AMONG THE LAWYERS

MR. BOTTOMLEY AND THE OFFICIAL RECEIVER.

Will "Privilege" be Pleaded?

It will be remembered that, at the conclusion of the public examination in connection with the affairs of the Joint Stock Trust and Finance Corporation, Mr. Bottomley announced his intention of giving the Official Receiver an opportunity of justifying his charges in a Court of Law. In accordance with this declaration, Mr. Bottomley at once served the Official Receiver with a writ for libel. The matter thus being *sub judice*, we are, of course, precluded from making any comment as to the merits of the action. It should, however, be stated that Mr. Bottomley is fully aware that it is open to the Official Receiver to plead privilege, on the ground that the report containing the charges is "a step in a judicial proceeding," and consequently cannot be attacked in an action for libel. Whether or not the Official Receiver will adopt this course remains to be seen. Mr. Bottomley hopes, however, that no technical objection will be taken to the trial of the action in the ordinary way.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

The statement made in another column that the health of Sir John Lawson Walton is again causing anxiety among his friends will be received with very general regret by Parliamentary men. For we must go back many years to find an Attorney-General who has filled the position so well. A man of the highest character, urbane and dignified, a profound lawyer, he is much more than a mere lawyer in Parliament; he is one of those statesmen-lawyers of which our history contains so many, but who have not been prominent in recent years; indeed, since Cairns died. If, unfortunately, Sir John has to retire from the Attorney-Generalship on account of ill-health he will find a very worthy successor in the present Solicitor-General. There would be a sharp scramble for the place he vacates. Probably the odds are in favour of Mr. Rufus Isaacs, who is, perhaps, the only barrister now at the Common Law Bar whose acceptance of the office would mean sacrifice of income, but Mr. S. Evans has considerable claims. Then there is the dour and learned Member for Durham, Mr. Atherley-Jones, a strong and convinced Radical to whom the party owes much, but whose name, for some reason or other, is not often associated with likely candidates for high office. There is Mr. Warrington, too, who, though not in Parliament, has "claims." And what about Mr. Buckmaster, K.C., M.P.

LEGAL DEFINITIONS.

We take the following definitions from the *Madras Law Times*:—*Adverse Decision.*—An exhibition of the ignorance of the court to be explained to the client. *Dictum.*—What a court thinks, but is afraid to decide. *Appeal.*—A method of getting more money out of a client. *Rules of Evidence.*—The means by which the truth is not allowed to be heard. Knowledge of how to utilise these to suppress facts is essential to success at the bar. *Justice.*—Something men ask for, but would be sorry if they got every time. Also, a blind goddess who, being blind, necessarily goes astray. *Court.*—A place where what was confused before becomes more unsettled than ever. Also, a place where law and justice have a bout, and justice gets worsted.

THE MARRIAGE OF LORD CHANCELLORS.

Recent reference was made on this page to the coming marriage of Lord Loreburn, and it was said that it is long since a Lord Chancellor married. In fact, Lord Loreburn will be the only Lord Chancellor whose marriage has taken place during his tenure of that position. But this remark does not apply to Ireland, where, in the last century, four Lord Chancellors married while in the possession of the Great Seal, the father of the present Lord O'Hagan being amongst them. In England, Lord Lyndhurst married between his resignation of the Great Seal and his re-appointment to the Chancellorship, and Lord Erskine married a second time several years after his resignation.

MR. JUSTICE MAULE AND THE BOY.

Lord Brampton's death recalls one of his yarns about a brother judge—Maule, to wit—which may be found in his "Reminiscences." It is interesting enough to quote:—

> "Maule was one day hearing cases in what are called 'Judge's Chambers,' where a good deal of skirmishing goes on between boys who come from solicitor's offices. These conflicts were sometimes annoying, especially if the judge was of a wavering mind. Maule was by no means that kind of man, and after he had given his prompt decision one of the boys lost his temper, and evidently thought the judge was wrong. As he approached the doorkeeper, he muttered these words: 'A —— old fool.'
>
> "This was too much for the doorkeeper. In his opinion, such language applied to a learned judge amounted to little less than high treason, if it was not really a greater offence. Consequently, as in duty bound to make all the mischief he could, this official immediately repeated the words the lad had used to the judge.
>
> "'Bring him back,' said Maule, 'bring him back at once.'
>
> "Then, pale and trembling, the youth stood before the judge in reverential attitude.
>
> "'I understand,' said the Judge, 'that in passing out of these Chambers you called me a '—— old fool.' I don't say you are wrong, my boy, for a moment; you may be right. I may be a —— old fool, but it would have been more polite of you if you had deferred the expression of your opinion until you were outside. You may go.'"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Employer's Liability (B. S. H., Sheffield).—The position taken up by the insurance company seems to us to be a very unreasonable and improper one. We are of opinion that the employment of the man does not operate as an infringement of the condition mentioned, and we advise you to contest the point with the company.

Railway Company's Liability (S. J., Cardiff).—A railway company is not bound to adhere to its time-table, but if a through connection is shown and you miss it through their fault, they may be made to pay your expenses of staying the night at a hotel.

Alteration of Name ("Edgbastonia," Birmingham).—His name will remain "Jones," but his will and marriage would be valid in the name of Smith, though he ought to describe himself as "formerly Jones."

Purchase of Book Debts (G. H. H., Great Missenden).—You are not entitled to retain the money paid in respect of an account which you did not purchase, and you are liable to account to the vendor for it. Unless he made a misrepresentation as to the debts, you must stand by your bargain. If the people owe the money you can sue them.

Manager Paid Weekly ("J. B. Admirer," Muswell Hill).—The man seems to be employed as a weekly servant, and cannot claim more than a week's notice.

Compensation (N. P., St. Leonards).—A charwoman and a jobbing gardener cannot claim compensation under the new Act against any person who employs them on casual work.

Nuisance by Gipsies (A. B., Kingston).—As you have signed for six months, you cannot give a week's notice to leave. The landlord is not responsible for the gipsies.

Claim to Old Estate (X. Y. Z.).—We fear that your search for money left 100 years ago is quite futile, and we should advise you not to spend any money in looking after so hazy a claim. If the bequest was money and not land, we doubt if it would have got into the Court of Chancery. It would probably have been absorbed by the executors at the time. These family legends as to large amounts left by ancestors often tempt needy people to throw away their money, and our experience is that a very small percentage of claimants ever get anything.

Company (A. B., London).—A company cannot be formed with less than seven persons. If you take a lease you cannot give it up except as agreed. The landlord can hold you to the whole term.

Instalment System (G. F., London, N.W.).—You should tell them you cannot pay, and ask them to take the cycle back on condition that you pay something for wear and tear. If they summon you an order will be made for you to pay what the judge is satisfied you can pay. Execution would not be levied on your home for such an amount.

Unlimited Liability (C. H., Hertford).—If you were a member of the society, you are liable for all that was done in its name by the council unless you expressly dissociated yourself from it. As to the chances of an action being taken against you, we think this is very remote, as the Official Receiver would have to get the sanction of the court to any such step. You had better do nothing. We certainly do not advise you to get any Bill of Sale, as that would be more trouble than it would be worth.

THE FASCINATION OF BILLIARDS.

There is no home with a growing family where the parents do not feel that they are losing touch with the boys when they begin to cultivate the club.. Why not give them club attractions at home.

The great club game is billiards, and miniature tables, exact reproductions to scale of the match tables, are now made in different sizes to suit any home.

They fit on a dining-table, or can be had as dining and billiard table combined. From £3 17s. 6d., payable in one sum or otherwise, parents, boys, and friends can enjoy genuine billiards with home surroundings. Let father or mother send post-card for particulars to E. J. Riley, Ltd., Imperial Billiard Mills, Accrington.—[Advt.]

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

The Reign of the Chrysanthemum.

Chrysanthemum shows are in full swing just now. Particularly fine blooms are always displayed at the Brighton exhibition, as Sussex is the County above all others where these blossoms grow to finest perfection. Many of the noblest blooms are larger than a child's head, some of the slender petals being actually over six inches in length. These ambitious prize blossoms have been tended and nursed and fed-up as carefully as any baby. In one system of raising them—the Chantrier—every precious plant has a little umbrella of rye-straw erected over it as it grows, to save it from the fell effects of over-heavy rain, frost, and so on. Yet, after all, the ordinary modest unforced chrysanthemum is really sufficiently charming for any connoisseur, and, moreover, it gains a fictitious value from its wisdom in flourishing at this dreary season of the year. Chrysanthemum shows generally include decorated dinner-tables, dressed for competition with quite ordinary specimens of this blossom, and its many possibilities are thus made manifest. Perhaps the most successful colour scheme is to combine tawny and pale yellow blooms in silver vases. The middle épergne of silver or cut glass should stand upon a table-centre of tawny silk edged with silver fringe, while a final touch of charm can be added by the use of silver sweet dishes. Another idea is to place pink and white 'mum blossoms plentifully decorated with maidenhair fern in transparent green glasses. Since these hardy flowers do not fade easily, a few clusters tied up with pink ribbon can be placed with charming effect, as though thrown here and there upon the table-cloth. A decidedly original idea is to make a table-centre of the chrysanthemum blossoms themselves, with the stems cut off, closely massed together and imbedded in moss. One sweet design that I have seen was in the form of a five-pointed star of snowy blossoms, four smaller ornaments of similar make being placed at the corners of the table. Upon each mat of blooms stood an artistic vase filled with the flowers in white and yellow, together with sprays of the autumnal red-brown leaves of the creeper, ampelopsis veitchii. Trails of these rosy shaded leaves lay upon the gleaming table-cloth, connecting the central star with its four smaller satellites.

Food for the Fairies.

We all admire flowers as objects of beauty, yet has it ever entered into the mind of the modern housewife to utilise them as articles of diet? The ingenious little Japs make the chrysanthemum, which is their national flower, serve both purposes. They also make a dish from the young curly fronds of ordinary bracken, which they themselves appreciate so highly that a great Japanese minister declared that Japan would give the recipe to England as a token of the genuine friendship existing between the two countries. The young fronds of the fern have to be soaked all night in an alkaline solution, such as carbonate of soda produces, then boiled, and eaten with butter sauce.

In old English cookery much greater use was made of flowers than is at present done. Here is a recipe from a cookery book dated 1736, which some of my readers may care to try, as it is now in season.

To Make Conserve of Hips.

"Gather the hips before they grow soft, cut off the heads and stalks, slit them in halves, and take out all the seed and white that is in them very clean. Then put them in an earthen pan, and stir them every day, else they grow mouldy; let them stand till they are soft enough to rub through a coarse hair-sieve; as the pulp comes, take it off the sieve; they are a dry berry, and will require pains to rub it through; then add its weight in sugar, and mix it well together without boiling; keeping it in deep gallipots for use."

Hawthorn flowers, roses, violets, carnations, and other such dainty, sweetly-scented flowers may be treated as follows:—

Flower Cakes.

"Boil double refined sugar candy-high, and then strew in your flower petals thickly, and let them boil once up. Then with your hand lightly strew in a little double refined sugar sifted; and then, as quick as may be, put it into your little pans, made of card and pricked full of holes at bottom. You must set the pans on a pillow, or cushion; when they are cold, take them out."

OUR Limerick Competition.

See Page 461.

Do you hope to succeed in your chosen business or profession?
If your memory is not good—that is unless you can readily acquire knowledge, and as readily recall it—you cannot hope. You can merely desire.
You have to rely entirely upon your memory, so why not train it?
Full Particulars of the Pelman System sent post free from
The Secretary, The Pelman School of Memory, 15, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.
Knowledge
Memory
SUCCESS

THE FOLLOWING 1,000 BEAUTIFUL

DUTCH BULBS

For the Garden for 20/- Carriage Paid.

This is the finest collection and the cheapest of the season. It turns your Spring garden into a little flower paradise, and contains: 40 beautiful Hyacinths, 60 single and double Tulips, 60 Parrot Tulips, 40 Crocus, 40 Scilla Belgica, 40 Star of Bethlehem, 60 Daffodils, 100 Scilla Sibirica, 20 sweet-scented Jonquils, 60 Ixias, 40 Grape Hyacinths, 40 Ranunculus, 60 Anemones, 20 Feather Hyacinths, 20 Glory of the Snow, 200 Iris Hispanica, 60 Alliums, 40 Snowdrops.

All these 1,000 Bulbs for 20/- carriage paid. Half quantities—viz., 500 Bulbs for 11/- carriage paid. Quarter quantities—viz., 250 Bulbs for 6/- carriage paid.

The following 400 Beautiful Bulbs for Indoors for 20/-, Carriage Paid.

For growing in pots, glasses, boxes, &c. This collection contains the earliest and most beautiful varieties: 40 Hyacinths for exhibition, 20 earliest white French Roman Hyacinths, 60 Tulips in 20 varieties, 40 Daffodils, 20 Polyanthus Narcissus, 20 sweet-scented Jonquils, 40 earliest Snowdrops for forcing, 20 Scilla Sibirica, 20 earliest white Alliums, 20 Fritillarias Pewet's Egg, 20 earliest French Freesias, 20 Chionodoxa, 40 Crocus, 20 Winter Aconites. All these 400 bulbs for 20/- carriage paid. Half quantities—viz. 200 Bulbs for 11/- carriage paid. Quarter quantities—viz., 100 Bulbs for 6s. carriage paid.

All Bulbs warranted to give entire satisfaction. Our firm was established in 1869. By appointment to H.M. German Emperor, and favoured with orders from Royal Gardens, Kew, Royal Regent's Park, London, H.M.'s Government Engineer, Gibraltar, etc.

REMITTANCES.—Please send cheque on your own banker, or postal orders crossed "National Provincial Bank of England."

Illustrated Catalogue Free upon application. *JOHS TELKAMP'S Bulb Farms, Hillegom-Haarlem, Holland. Postage of letter to Holland, 2½d.*

WATCHES We hold the Largest Stock in the World, and you save enormously by coming straight to the fountain head. We send, entirely Free, our Large Catalogue of all makes of Gold & Silver Watches, Albert, Rings, and Choice Jewellery, and a variety of superior goods for presents. This book puts you in the best market for reliable goods, and fully explains our Easy Purchase Terms, and our substantial Discount for Cash. Ask for Catalogue "B."

J. G. GRAVES, Limited, SHEFFIELD.

£3 3s. for 21s.

For 21/- we make you a Suit to Measure which is valued by thousands of our customers at £3 3s.

SUITS to MEASURE 21/-, 27/6, 32/6
TROUSERS to MEASURE 6/-, 8/-, 9/6

Hygienic Rainproof Overcoats to Measure 18/6, 21/-, 25/-, 30/-

SEND A POSTCARD FOR PATTERNS FORWARDED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID.

Together with Patterns, we will send you our Fashion Plate of Latest Designs, booklet containing a long list of absolutely unsolicited testimonials from gratified clients all over the world, tape measure and self-measure form, whereby you may measure yourself as accurately as any tailor. You take your measure to our instructions; we guarantee a perfect fit, or refund the amount of your money in full.

OUR TERMS ARE: SATISFACTION GIVEN OR MONEY RETURNED.

SUITS ON APPROVAL.

If any suit you buy from us is not to your liking, return it to us, and we will refund your money in full.

NO OTHER FIRM OF CASH TAILORS MAKES SUCH AN OFFER.

CURZON BROS., World's Measure Tailors (Dept. 191 B) **68 & 62, City Road, Finsbury, London, E.C.**

Also at the Crystal Palace London, where Customers can get Patterns and be measured.

OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW.
November 11 to 23.

There is only one Car that cannot get out of order, and that is

The Four-Cylinder 30-40 h.p. DUPLEX

Listed at **£410** complete.

It cannot get out of order, because it has only Three Working Parts per Cylinder. There are

No Valves. No Cams. No Tappets. No Gearwheels.

This is verily the car of utter simplicity, and by far the easiest to drive, because it is fitted with the new patented "Simple"

ENDLESS CHAIN SPEED GEAR

It is not necessary to declutch in order to change the speed, and it enables the most nervous and inexperienced to drive with ease and confidence.

***Come and See How It is Done.* STAND 2.**

MOTOR ENGINE & MANUFACTURING CO., LTD.,
12-13, HENRIETTA STREET, W.C.

Your Own Promissory Note.

Privately and promptly discounted for cash at the following rates of repayment:

£50	for 12	Monthly Payments of	£1	12	6
£250	" 12	" "	£5	3	6
£100	" 12	" "	£2	6	6
£250	" 12	" "	£10	16	6
£500	" 12	" "	£21	13	6
£1,000	" 12	" "	£43	6	6

These repayments include principal and interest. Shorter periods by arrangement. No fees or publicity. Apply in confidence to the actual lenders:

CHARLES STEVENS & Co., 12, Devonshire Chambers, Bishopsgate Street, London, E.C.

What is Your Number?

Change in Our Scheme.

FIFTY NUMBERS DRAWN WEEKLY.

SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 1

BULL'S EYES.

Some Unfounded Rumours:—

That Dr. Macnamara is music-hally inclined.——That the Lord Mayor's Show was worth what it cost.——That Count Moltke's fate is a Harden.——That *Truth* is about to start a "Limerick" Competition.——That the Censor likes being censured.——That the failure of the champagne crop has played "old gooseberry" with the wine market.

Five battleships of the Nore Division are to go into dock. Hasn't the Fleet been "docked" enough?

"Dr." Clifford says he intends to learn billiards. We trust it may be many years before he takes "the long rest."

A Mr. Murray has been searching the world for a Mrs. Younger. Scores of other men would like one.

Dulwich has a chestnut tree in full bloom. Nothing to Bouverie Street, which has one that blooms all the year round.

The news that pianos are going up in price is not surprising. For years the tendency has been towards a higher-purchase system.

Sleeveless coats are to be the fashion for ladies this season. The gentlemen will be delighted to provide the arms.

"He has had an exciting existence," says a newspaper speaking of Lord Verulam, "for on one occasion he found a burglar in his bedroom, and on another he drove over a lady cyclist." He must be a very lion.

A Willesden man has been fined five shillings for singing a Christmas carol. He should have "waited" a bit.

A fisherman from Cambeltown, which is a distillery town, has just seen the great sea-serpent. Hitherto, only the smaller varieties of snakes have been associated with this place.

"Double Dealing by W. W. Jacobs," reads a poster. One expects that sort of thing from "A Master of Craft."

The papers have been full of details as to the infant Prince of Spain's mode of living. The following particulars of ten minutes from His Royal Highness's diary may be interesting:—

12.0	o'clock.—	Fell into soft slumber.
12.0½	,,	Fell out again.
12.1	,,	Kicked left leg.
12.2	,,	Kicked both legs.
12.2½	,,	Rubbed cheek with fist.
12.3	,,	Left eyelid trembled.
12.3½	,,	Right eyelid trembled.
12.4	,,	Made murmuring noise.
12.4½	,,	Cried loudly.
12.5	,,	Nurse kissed him tenderly.
12.5½	,,	Cried again loudly.
12.6	,,	Nurse patted him *un*tenderly.
12.7	,,	Shrieked.
12.8	,,	Had dose of soothing syrup.
12.9	,,	Smiled.
12.10	,,	Nurse swung him to sleep.

A man has been killed at New Haven by a cow which had become intoxicated by drinking cider. That apple again!

A gentleman was awarded damages for libel contained in two words. Better than Limericks.

A woman flower-seller admitted at Acton police-court that she had smoked for over fifty years. Sweet-briar was her favourite.

Miss Sutton, a member of the well-known Reading family, has been elected to a seat on the Reading Town Council. Will she sow seeds of kindness?

Dr. Macnamara recently told an interviewer that his voice "used to be tenor, but public speaking has brought it down." We thought public speakers were always *raising* their voices.

An American actress is reported to drive a fat pig about in her motor. Usually it is the pig that drives.

A New York banker recently fell from a window and was killed. Did he lose his balance as the result of an overdraught?

"Incompatibility of humour," was the ground of a recent Parisian divorce suit. A witty-schism.

"Another pair of boots gone for the baby," was the lament of a coster on being fined. The kid will have to bare it.

"Marriage is man's after-thought," according to Nickolin. The bachelor thinks twice.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS:—

"Love the Criminal" (Harris-Burland).—We would rather that he loved us.

"A Winged Victory" (Morso Lovett).—A good bag; ought to have been published by Partridge and Co., but it is no good grousing. We have read every Morso Lovett (Esperanto).

Mr. A. C. Benson asserts that "a friendship cannot be formed in the spirit of a tourist who is above all in search of the romantic and the picturesque." We have not met that tourist ourselves.

Lady Violet Greville writes: "At present the working-man has the best manners, the middle-class the worst." Consequently the tip-toppers have no manners at all. Only sins.

Lord Rosebery says he is "not a declared lunatic." We declare!

Bottled Bath-water can now be had. The statement that "a pen'north of Epsom salts would do as well" is, according to a contemporary, "a matter of opinion." We should have thought it was a question of taste.

The *Daily Mail* (Paris edition) advertises, "All the news a day in advance." Just like the London edition!

In a recent case at Brighton, a lady explained that "she had accidentally cooked some fish in starch instead of water for her husband's supper." We have heard of "taking the starch *out* of a man."

China has warned Japan that she must leave Kwanto. But Japan don't Kwanto.

An Italian "coster" has been fined 2s. 6d. and costs for "stopping the Fleet Street traffic," whilst he had his boot cleaned! They must have been dirty!

"Ranji" is said to have been compelled to marry an Indian Princess in accordance with the conditions of his inheritance. The new Jam finds life is not all honey among the big pots.

A solicitor asked a witness at Willesden if he knew the effect of brandy on the top of beer, but the witness was 'norant. Jim Crow says it removes the froth.

A fashionable perfumer says that some of his customers spend £200 a year with him. They ought to have more common scents.

The ex-Queen of Hawaii, who is claiming £2,000,000 from the U.S.A., is going to marry Prince Ari Pai, of Tahiti, who "is a man of very fine presence, and weighs over twenty stone." Well, that will be 300 pounds to go on with.

An Irishman in Idaho has obtained a licence to marry an Indian girl named Queen-of-the-Earth. Her father's name is Sleeps-with-One-Eye, and that of her mother is Live-for-Ever. Girls take after their fathers. But we should require the old lady to change her name.

"Mr. James Bell, a tailor 103 years old, died yesterday at Galashiels. He remembered seeing Sir Walter Scott," say the papers. The shock killed him.

Seven warders attached to Pentonville have received a five pound note, sent by post anonymously. Now we know what becomes of our fivers.

The judging of *London Opinion* Limericks is explained. Mr. Jessop writes to a contemporary to say he tried the ordeal of vegetarianism for eight months, and has not been right since.

A mail-bag destined for Northern Rhodesia has been devoured by lions. The poor brutes have our sympathy.

A golf ball, driven by a player on Lytham Links, was caught by a fireman on a train. It was bunkered.

Mrs. Horton, of Winnipeg, married at 15, and her first husband lived a month; second deserted her after a year, then divorced; third died a year after marriage; fourth just taken on. And she is now only 18. Yet the birth-rate is falling.

A Christian Scientist, having been imprisoned for allowing his child to die for want of medical attention, has told his fellow-believers that "for the thirty days I have borne the cross of Christian Science at Blackwell's Island." The conjunction of Cross and Blackwell seems to have landed him in a pickle.

Mr. Pearson has started "impertinent questions" in the *Express*. What about impertinent *Answers*?

Jerome K. Jerome says he is a well-fed man. Stuffed with chestnuts?

COUGHS, COLDS

AND

Chronic Chest Troubles

LONDON TRADESMAN QUITE CURED.

The dangers in neglecting a cough or cold, and the absolute necessity for a quick and reliable remedy such as Veno's Lightning Cough Cure, is well brought out in the following interesting letter. Mr. C. Brown, a well-known Tradesman of 2/18, Globe Road, Mile End, London, writes: "About two years ago I caught a bad chill, and a dreadful hacking cough resulted, which gradually got worse until asthma set in. I was laid up a long time with this dread disease, and tried many remedies which failed to give me any relief. At last I tried your wonderful Cough Cure, and found relief even after the second dose. I continued its use, and am now pleased to say I am completely cured."

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is the safest and purest remedy for:—

COUGHS & COLDS, BRONCHITIS, WEAK LUNGS, 9½d. ASTHMA, NASAL CATARRH, CHILDREN'S COUGHS.

Larger sizes 1/1½ & 2/9, of all chemists and stores.

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE.

Purveyors to H.M. The KING.

You can't have Health without Appetite!

PAN YAN

SAUCE gives you both!
Pan Yan does not arrogate to itself
The entire flavour of the dish!
It just transforms the plainest fare
In the most wonderful way!

MACONOCHIE BROS., Ltd., London

Pan Yan Pickle is as good as Pan Yan Sauce.

PEARKS'

DELICIOUS,

REFRESHING

TEA

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers when sending cuttings from newspapers take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

Our readers will doubtless remember the Cricket Handbook which we distributed last Easter. We have a number of similar handbooks containing Football Fixtures and other interesting information relating to the game, and shall be happy to send a small parcel of them upon application from club secretaries and others interested.

"A READER."—We neither answer anonymous correspondents nor offer any opinions on Limericks.

C. J. (Putney).—No, there was no mistake in the printing of our numbers.

M. G. (Chester) wants us at the end of the year to publish a revised and better group of our editorial staff. We are all going into training for the purpose.

"HENPOT" (Mile End).—The "coaches" are, we believe, genuine, but we do not think there are sufficient vacancies for qualified students.

W. W. (Manchester.)—We have made enquiries into the matter of the One and All Sickness and Accident Assurance Association, of 26, Blackfriars Road, and find it a respectable concern.

The Secretary of the Congo Reform Association sends us a pamphlet which we shall be happy to peruse.

L. M. (Worcester).—Scarcely worth a biscuit.

"LORGNETTE" (Teddington Park) sends us a copy of the quarterly bulletin of the Anglo-American Chamber of Commerce in Belgium. In an extract from the Consul-General's report we read that the "demand for British beer is not very great." Further on, in a table of comparative statistics of Belgium imports from Great Britain we find an increase of 495 tons or 2,475 barrels in six months. Our correspondent observes that if this trade can be termed "not very great," he supposes the inhabitants will have to wash in stout to satisfy the Consul-General. We agree that it might be well to have British Consuls in the Colonies, if, indeed, there is any chance of penetrating the wall of Colonial tariffs. We sympathise with the Bishop of Chester, who, according to the *Evening Standard*, "is suffering from a chill at his residence," but we cannot say whether this has anything to do with "a cold in the pocket."

J. H. (Dundee) sends us a cutting from the *Peoples' Friend* in praise of the new Public Trustee Department. Our contemporary thinks that Mr. C. J. Stewart will be a "Terror." We agree.

G. E. S. (Shrewsbury) tells us that the wonderful Life Liquid now being run by "the worthy Kibblewhite" was the "discovery" of an old chap thirty years ago, who wrote to the *Echo* of those days that he had solved the secret of everlasting life—and has probably now been dead for years! Oh, Mr. Kibblewhite! It looks very black.

E. E. F. (Bogota).—We are happy to hear that you are going so strong and that we are so popular in the Republic of Colombia.

F. C. (London, E.C.) wants a biscuit for the West Middlesex Coroner for saying that he rides about certain portions of West London with his heart in his mouth. It would be better to carry it on his sleeve and thus avoid all danger of swallowing it.

S. J. S. (Bedford) wants a biscuit for the *Bedford Evening News* for stating that "Russell Park, Bedford, was the scene of a battle between the Danes and the Saxons in the 10th century, and human lives had been dug up there as well as a sword which was now in the Museum at Bedford."

A. W. (Hornsey) tells us that, in response to a recent circular from Messrs. Arnold and Butler, he sent them the following poetic intimation:

If you are the spider,
I am not the fly;
If you will read JOHN BULL,
You'll know the reason why.

F. S. (London) is evidently unaware that, under a recent Home Office regulation, any police force may assist another in investigating crime. He, however, suggests that we should look into the record of Captain Nott Bower—especially whilst he was Head Constable of Liverpool. There is, however, a well-established legal maxim, to the effect that it does not matter who puts the law in motion. And we think, for the moment, we will leave the lottery matter where it is.

B. T. J. (Catford) entered a "missing line competition" conducted by *Answers*, and is dissatisfied with the result. Unfortunately he signed an agreement undertaking to abide by the decision of the editor. There is one rather nice expression in a letter from the editor of *Answers*: "Believe me, I do not like to receive complaints from disappointed competitors." We do believe.

THE Shynall Chemical Company (75, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.) write to say that they are always ready to return money for dolls which are sent back to them in good condition.

"YOURS AYE" (Ayrshire) comments upon the fact that the two Moorish Chiefs who have come to London make their interpreter kill all their meat. This is quite meet; even chiefs must have a chef.

J. S. G. (Glasgow).—We do not know the councillor's authority for stating that archangel Gabriel is moulting, nor do we believe that he ever had an intention of opening licensed premises.

P. M. C. T. (Canning Town) wants a biscuit for a witness at Kingston who said, "I saw this man hit him twice, and the third time he hit him he missed him." Who was the witness and what part of Ireland did he come from?

R. P. S. (Dulwich Park) sends an advertisement of a thousand coal boxes, to be sent carriage paid to any address in the United Kingdom on receipt of 8s. 6d. What on earth should we do with them when coal is so dear that we can scarcely afford to buy a single lump?

G. C. B. (Kensington Gore) was dissatisfied about a "skill" competition in the *Evening News*. The award certainly sounds rather fishy.

"GASOMETER."—Too thick for us.

F. R. (Ballarat, Victoria) writes that our remarks about the Auto-table Fountain Co. have borne fruit, and that he has now received the article for which he had so long and so vainly applied. The moral is, always apply to JOHN BULL when in any doubt or difficulty.

G. R. (Gloucester) sends us particulars of a Limerick competition in connection with a Roman Catholic bazaar.

J. W. B. (Brighton).—It certainly sounds strange that the chauffeur and fourteen servants of the King Edward VII. Sanatorium should be larking about the country in a motor-car at the rate of thirty miles an hour. Is that where the subscriptions of philanthropic people go?

J. S. (Lewisham) points out that the *Morning Leader* on Monday, Oct. 14th, referred to a case as having been heard in the Courts "yesterday." The best of us make mistakes sometimes, and we do not see our way to award a biscuit.

C. T. G.—Thanks for newspaper cutting about the Servian murderers, which we had already seen.

C. O. (Ross) received nothing for a Limerick line which was identical with one which won forty pounds. Unfortunately he could not afford to consult a solicitor, but surely he might have found one who would take the case up for him, or he might conduct his own case. As to the Aliens Act, it does not seem to be working very satisfactorily. D.N. stands for Doctor of News, not for D-nuisance, as C.O. seems to suppose.

H. A. C. (Derby).—Certainly, our remarks would not be different on the subject of bread if a Protectionist Government were in power. But the bread might be more difficult to get.

G. W. B. (Devonport) sends a cutting from the *Football Herald*, in which a critic says, "Here I am writing on Friday. . . . Plenty of time remains for Albion to justify themselves, and I am as certain that they can do it as I am sure that Sunday will be here to-morrow." Perhaps he began writing very late on Friday night.

T. B. (Sidcup) heard a Socialist lecturer say that, at some alkali works in Lancashire, men are stupefied with rum, and set to work all day in small cells which are no better than death traps; that after two years all their teeth fall from their heads, and in eight years they die. The lecturer's name was Gavan Duffy. Perhaps he will oblige us with the address of these wonderful works.

W. H. D., Jun. (Birmingham), quotes a funny slip in the *Daily Mail* about the land of a cemetery lasting "three-quarters of a cemetery." A very grave error.

"NUNDROP" (Old Chorlton) wishes someone would provide a really good residential club for people with incomes of £200 a year. Of course there would not be any very tempting profits to be made out of such an institution.

R. B. (Glasgow) sends us particulars of a police scandal up there, and we are glad to hear that the delinquents received what he calls "the ancient order of the sack." R. B. thinks our issue of October 12 the finest number yet published. We intend to go on from strength to strength.

"HALLER" (Cardiff) sends an advertisement of a free Limerick whereby an estate is to be given away. But the entries are only free to regular purchasers of somebody's tea.

The SECRETARY OF THE ANTI-IMPERIALIST LEAGUE (Boston, U.S.A.) sends us an insufficiently stamped circular, which we have not troubled to read. We wish him, however, every success in his own country.

A. A. (St. John's Wood).—Let them both have statues if they will give anybody any pleasure.

"MOMUS" (Southampton) points out that the *Weekly Dispatch* has been organising a beauty competition and suggesting that competitors will have a better chance if their friends bestir themselves to canvass for votes. Evidently the crown of beauty is to go to the most energetic wire-puller rather than to the most regular features.

J. C. W. (Teddington) asks about an old weight once used by Cornish miners, and weighing 21 cwt. instead of the usual 20. Can any Cornishman oblige him with its name? All we know is that most of the weights used to be different in Cornwall; for instance, a Cornish bushel was equivalent to three English ones.

C. P. (Maidstone).—See almost any back number.

H. T. P. (Leeds) is very angry with the author of an article about brokers in our issue of October 19th, and begs us to give his point of view. He says the hire purchase system is usually quite fair; that "many of the working class would have to deny themselves everything except the barest necessities if they had to pay cash for all their purchases"; and that the "sufferers" are very often dishonest people. He mentions the case of a man who hired goods to the extent of £45, paid about half, sold the goods to an auctioneer, and then disappeared. We still believe that there are many cases of genuine hardship in connection with the hire system.

"ADVERTISER" (Greenwich) points out that the Alderman suggested that our canvassers would point out that, by purchasing JOHN BULL for a penny, a chance of obtaining £5 would be obtained. He says that he has pushed JOHN BULL for a very long time "not on pay, but on principle," and has never made use of this argument. He offers to dress up as John Bull, and turn himself into a living advertisement. But we did advertise the paper in this way when it first came out.

G. W. (Canonbury Square) sends us a cutting from the *Chemist and Druggist*, giving the ingredients of a number of patent medicines. We note that a "drink cure" contains 98 per cent. of sugar and 2 per cent. of salt—surely enough to cure any tippler. We wish we had space to print the whole list, and we are not sure that it would be a bad plan to follow the example of New Zealand and bring in a Quackery Prevention Bill.

"A FAITHFUL READER" sends us a line, which he says ought to win a certain Limerick competition got up by a bucket shop. He wants a long drink and a large cigar out of our winnings, but we do not know how to stand them as he has omitted to favour us with his name.

F. G. H. (Exeter) sends us particulars of a Limerick competition for a church bazaar; also a sermon by a Baptist minister, saying, "if they encouraged the gambling spirit by lotteries and limericks at Church bazaars, how impossible it was to attack the gambling evil in any other direction." Bravo, Baptist!

G. L. (Ilford) sends us a picture postcard, which purports to represent the army airship passing over London. The airship has, however, evidently been applied to an ordinary photograph of a London street. No camera could have taken the picture as it is, and we notice that nobody in the street is taking the faintest notice of the balloon.

T. P. (Aston Manor) asks when will the police "get their long ears trimmed down"? T. P. is very cross with our correspondent "Tommy," who criticised the caricatures of Jim Crow. T. P. enquires scornfully "what does he want for his money? Does he expect one of Tanqueray's framed portraits for his penny?" The reason for his protest is that he sent us the caricature himself. Now Jim will know whom to go for for libel.

"BATTLEAXE" (Bolton) writes to say that he is "the only journalist who deals in a popular manner with church plate." This sounds rather burglarious.

"EXPERIENTA DOCET" (Bootle) is dissatisfied with an award in *Answers*. He had better enter our competition.

A. G. (South Wanstead) draws our attention to a Limerick competition organised by the Manchester Art Publishing Co. (660, Oldham Road, Manchester). They sealed up the last line in an envelope, and offered £1,000 to anyone who could guess it. As no one guessed it, they kept their £1,000. But a little forethought should have enabled competitors to see that they had been set a well-nigh impossible task.

H. S. (Aubert Park).—We most emphatically agree with the magistrate. His decision was worthy of Solomon. Biscuits, indeed! We award the driest we have to you. Try to cultivate a little charity.

W. R. S. (Forest Hill) sends an advertisement of someone who wants to "expound the foolish conceit of scepticism with its attendant evils and the need for brave enterprise." A young gentleman who will submit to this may have "board, lodging, French and German free." What on earth does it mean? We have half a mind to send in an application ourselves.

D. W. points out that the Premium Tea Company "try to *robe* poor people of their money." They must be uncloaked.

L. A. C. (Nottingham).—Consider it done.

MISS BROOK (6, Norwich Street, Cambridge) is anxious to exchange postage stamps.

B. P. C. (Wandsworth Common) wants us to relieve his mind by informing him if Jim Crow is a male, female, or animal. He is an animal.

H. J. M. (London, S.E.) tells us of a new photographic developer made of "Para-oxyphenyl Glycinamide." He is not surprised to hear that it has an energetic action, and he hopes it will not be mistaken for whisky.

A. G. (South Yardley) objects to a silly phrase about the proof of the pudding being in some pictures. But what does he expect at Birmingham?

"A MOTOR CYCLIST" (Birmingham) is sceptical about a road being "2 inches thick in dust." Not so dusty, we expect.

G. A. (Barnsley).—We gather from your letter that you have not sufficient confidence in yourself. Our advice is to join the glass-bottle works now, and keep your weather-eye open. Make up your mind to get on, and you will have bread and cheese at 60. Seriously, it is largely a question of self-confidence to succeed in life. We are always glad to advise pushing young men. Too many people fail because they are silly enough to be modest. Only mulattoes ought to be permitted to be modest.

Electricity a Cure for the Weak.

HEALTH IS REGULATED BY THE AMOUNT WE POSSESS.

THAT statement may seem to the casual observer to be somewhat too general. Yet it will bear analysis even in minute details. Electricity is a potential part of every living thing in the universe. Without it we could not live. Its effect upon the weak, thin, pale, emaciated being is the production of a man of power, of energy, the kind of man that is good to look upon, from whom health and happiness radiates.

There is an Institute in London established for the sole purpose of teaching sufferers how they can throw off the weakness which holds them down; how they can become strong and vigorous, perfect specimens of manly men. If such is your desire you should communicate with them at once. All correspondence is strictly confidential.

If you get up in the morning with a dull brain, tired nerves, an ache in your back, a dread of the toil and hardships of everyday life, these are signs that your vitality is at low ebb—that some of the organs or functions of your body are in a weakened, morbid condition.

If you are young and dissipation has exhausted your strength, or if you are on the shady side of 40, you have not the strength and stamina that should be possessed by a person of your years, you can regain your health, strength, and energy by the electrical method.

There is a never-failing remedy for nervous or general debility. The "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery is the ideal restorer. It is a positive cure for weakness in all persons, men or women. It cures Indigestion, Constipation, weakness of the back and kidneys, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica. It cures Nervousness, Sleeplessnes, Despondency.

This Battery is supported by the "Science Siftings" Certificate of Merit, and last summer secured the Diploma for Grand Prix with Gold Medal from the International Exhibition held at the Crystal Palace.

Now, if this appeal interests you, get in communication with the Institute at once. They have a beautiful, descriptive book of eighty pages that all such persons ought to read and study. It does not cost a penny to possess it. The British Electric Institute (Dept. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., is the name and address with whom you should correspond. A specialist can be seen at their offices at any time during the day by those who find it convenient to call.—[ADVT.]

BIRKBECK BANK.

Established 1851.
SOUTHAMPTON BUILDINGS, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.
2½ PER CENT. INTEREST
allowed on Deposit Accounts.
2 PER CENT. INTEREST
on Drawing Accounts with Cheque Book.
All general Banking Business transacted.
ALMANACK, with full particulars, POST FREE.
C. F. RAVENSCROFT, Secretary.

JEWEL
5/- There is no FOUNTAIN PEN made which for simplicity, reliability and all-round excellence can rival the famous "JEWEL" PEN In the words of the users, it HAS NO EQUAL Perfect flow. Duplex feed. Gold Nib, fine, medium or broad. Post Free. 5/-; mounted, 7/6. JEWEL PEN CO., Dept. 118, 102, Fenchurch St., London, E.C. 5/-
PEN

ONE AND ALL

SICKNESS AND ACCIDENT ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

WHAT 1/- A MONTH WILL DO.

Ensure £1 a week for any Sickness.
Ensure £1 a week for any Accident.
Ensure £10 at Death.

(Not exceeding, but according to the number of Members).
Claims paid on sight.
No other Association offers such liberal terms.
Are you in a club? If so, compare Payments and Benefits.
Prospectus post free upon application.
AGENTS REQUIRED ON SALARY AND COMMISSION.
Chief Offices: 26, BLACKFRIARS ROAD, LONDON.

E. A. C. (Beckenham).—Unfortunately we have not yet engaged a musical critic, but we will ask Jim Crow what he thinks about an unlimited symphony.

H. W. (Rotherham) quotes from a speech by a local councillor who said it was time the Council should put its foot down with a strong hand. We can't think of a joke about this.

Reader (Forest Hill).—We can't see it without a magnifying-glass.

"Enigma" (Dover) wants a biscuit for a solicitor who said a man of 26 had been well known in the district as a respectable man for 20 years. A remarkable instance of precocity.

A. M. T. (Lewisham).—Not so good as your last biscuit. The man was evidently trying to be funny.

J. M. (Holywood).—We fail to see the point, and fear we must be growing old and stupid.

E. H. (Aberkeufig).—Many thanks for all your efforts on our behalf. We agree that we ought to be read by "all the working classes," but not, we hope, only by the working-classes.

BUCHANAN'S
"BLACK & WHITE"
THE WHISKY OF WORLD WIDE REPUTE

Sale of Fur Coats at 1/3rd Reduction.
The remaining stock of Gustav Ellis and another Furrier.
A few of the bargains:—
5 good quality Beaver Cloth, lined Musquash, Persian Lamb Collars. Original price 15 gns. Sale price 10 gns.
6 Black Cloth, lined Genette, large Astrachan collars. Original price 16 gns. Sale price £11 4s.
4 Black Cloth, lined Musquash, large Beaver Collars. Original price 20 gns. Sale price £14.
Also a quantity of coats, lined Hamster, Squirrel, Marmot, Beaver, Seal, &c., from £7 10s. to 50 gns.
Original prices £10 to 75 gns.
Swan & Edgar, LTD.,
Gentlemen's Department,
Piccadilly and Regent Street, W.

PROMPT CASH ADVANCES
£100 TO £10,000
LENT PRIVATELY
on approved note of hand, without security.
FIELDINGS
12, SOUTHAMPTON ROW, LONDON, W.C.
For any period in Town or Country. Repayments as mutually agreed upon. No fees or bills of sale, and strictest privacy.
Advances on 2nd mortgages. Bills discounted.

To Asthma Sufferers
Instant relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and Whooping Cough by the use of POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE in 1/- Tins. SOLD EVERYWHERE.
For FREE SAMPLE send Postcard to POTTER & CLARKE, Artillery Lane, London, E. Mention paper.
Instant relief

Mrs. W. S. asks us to show up the London Premium and Tea Company. By Jove, we will!

"Swaggy" writes that if there were more of our sort there would be no fear of the colonies ever becoming disloyal. "Australia salutes you," he exclaims. He asks our advice about a gardener who thinks of going to Canada with his wife. If he is a good gardener, we think he had better stay at home.

M. B. (London, E.C.) wants a biscuit for *Pearson's Magazine* for saying that "in 1855, Queen Mary of England sent Protestants wholesale to the stake." This is evidently a mistake.

"A Workman" (Handsworth) grumbles about the depression of the furniture trade. He says that Tariff Reformers have not exaggerated, but that their remedy would be worse than the disease. He clamours for standard rates of wages and would make it a criminal offence for an employer to pay less. It would, however, be dangerous to interfere with freedom of contract. If he were a younger man he would not hesitate to leave England at once. But we still doubt whether he would find himself any better off in the colonies.

Miss C. (Middlesbrough).—We see no mistake.

I. B. (Chislehurst) sends us a very lurid letter written alternately in red and black ink. She has come to the extraordinary conclusion that we flout women and begs us to leave them alone. That is really too much to ask.

"Eiznekcam Nhoj" sends us the advertisement of a widow (girl 11 years) who wants a situation. As he points out, she must have married very early in life.

G. H. (Hackney Road) points out that the *Evening News* advertised a trouser presser under the heading "Live Stock and Poultry" and thinks there must be something radically wrong, at any rate with the poultry. Perhaps the idea is to get an old hen to sit upon the garments.

"Steve" has dropped into poetry about Jim Crow. He shouldn't.

F. N. (Rye) sends us a story of some people who were walking by the seashore. "They were surprised to see the sand move, and on close investigation found a shoal of mackerel, embedded in the sands." F. N. is surprised that an intelligent editor should publish such a tall story. We are not altogether convinced of his intelligence.

D. O. K. (Wandsworth Common) has received a circular from the Dorado Watch Company, and thinks it looks "extremely suspicious." Hear, hear.

J. H. C. (Clapton) sends us a cutting from the *Daily Express*, stating that a farmer found 300 beans in the crop of one pigeon and 600 ears of green corn in the crop of another. He thinks these must have been unusually heavy meals, but he evidently makes no allowance for Tariff Reform.

"'Arry."—It shall be given.

F. L. (Ipswich).—Right you are.

Serik wants a biscuit for an advertiser who required "live men." But that is not an unusual request. There are very few about.

A. S. D. (Streatham) says that temperance fanatics are very fond of quoting "the cup that cheers but not inebriates," but ignore the later expression, "always from port withheld, always distrest," which reveals the secret of the depression. He thinks Jim Crow could do with a drop of old tawny; but we are not standing it.

"Anti-Humbug" makes flattering remarks about us, and unflattering ones about Nonconformist teetotalers, whom he calls "slimy reptiles, wolves in sheeps' clothing, double-faced, oily-tongued serpents, long-faced, bearded devils." Oh! dear, oh! dear.

J. H. C. (Hanwell) asks when is a vegetarian not a vegetarian? When eschewing meat. Where is our whip?

R. N. U.—We are afraid not.

"Autolycus" (Weston-super-Mare) says that ours is the most interesting paper he ever came across, and a liberal education to a business man. We hope that next time he writes he will tell us something new. We like "the salubrious climate of Cornwall and delicious Cornish cream," but we have never heard of "liquid life." It sounds rather nice and saucy. Let him cheer up and go on paying us compliments. We love him.

F. C. (Wokingham).—It was rather nice of *London Opinion* to announce the population of a village as £400. The editor's mind evidently runs on money.

F. H. W. (New Southgate) innocently asks us whether it is a custom amongst newspaper proprietors to publish articles without paying for them, and whether contributors should expect to wait many weeks for their money. The answer is in the affirmative.

W. H. G. (Streatham).—We are getting very old and blind, for we entirely fail to see the point.

"A Constant Reader" (New Cross) is one of the lucky people who won a watch from the John D. MacDonald Co. We hope he voted for Vivian at the last election.

"Staff" (London).—Your friend's copy was quite correct.

"Rosin" (Notts).—The address of the Patent Office is "Southampton Buildings, London, W.C."

With reference to our reply to "Philo" last week, we have made full inquiries, and find that Messrs. Curtis, Gardner and Co., of King Street, Cheapside, are, apparently, respectable people.

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

THE HURLY BURLY.

By Theodore Dahle.

XXXII.—COMPROMISE AND COMMON SENSE.

In the hallelujah chorus which is everywhere heard on the termination of the railway crisis there is hardly an inharmonious note. I have always understood from the physiologists that man had but five senses. Now I am inclined to believe that he sometimes has six, and that common sense is one of them. By paradox, however, it would seem that common sense is so-called because it isn't common. Most of us are a little mad, and common sense is the rare faculty of being sane. Sanity has dissipated the clouds of what threatened to be a widespread calamity. If there had been a strike, I should have risen in my might and demanded an Act of Parliament for the compulsory incarceration of the railway directors and the railway servants' committee in Colney Hatch.

Burke said in his speech on the conciliation of America that all government, indeed every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue and every prudent act, is founded on compromise and barter. Perhaps he overstated his case. Compromise is often responsible for a vast deal of injustice, for compromise is not infrequently forced on men out of their weakness. Half their rights are filched away because they are not strong enough to maintain the whole. But as here the disputants met with arms in hand, as ready for war as for peace, the compromise may be said to have been effected on the level. And the genius of it is that it is a compromise without sacrifice. Everybody gains and nobody loses. If a few weeks ago anybody had told me that this triumph of statesmanship could have come out of an institution like the Board of Trade I should have bid him go to, for some things would not be believed, even in the Marines.

Not for long years has the gentle art of "saving your face" been carried out with such exquisite diplomacy. "Recognition" was aqueous vapour. Behind it, for men and directors alike, was the only solid element which mattered—hours and wages. If "recognition" had been granted, hours and wages would still have remained for discussion. "Meet me to talk," said Bell, M.P. "Not I," said Lord Claud. "Will you mix yourselves up in a Conciliation Board and talk there?" demands Mr. Lloyd-George. "We will," they cry in chorus. "And so say all of us," shout the rest. Thus the aqueous vapour dissipates, and everybody is satisfied. Blessed are the peacemakers.

One of the mental afflictions of this age is sloppy thought. Most of us are so very fond of labels that we confound names with things. During these last weeks of stress and strain "recognition" has been Socialism, spoliation, and heaven knows what else. "'Recognition,'" says Mr. Lloyd-George with his clear common sense, "is conciliation, and conciliation is discussion, arbitration, and—no railway strike for six years and one year over at least. Bell stays out of the Conciliation Board, but he comes in with the arbitrator, and what anybody loses on the swings he has a fair chance of gaining on the cocoanuts."

As one of the travelling public I now feel that I can go my journey in safety. The engine-driver will stick to his engine, the guard remain in his van, the stoker go on stoking, the signalman keep at his lever, the examiner continue to tap the wheels, the ticket collector stay to collect the tickets, and the voluntary amateur will stay at home to save my life and his own as well. The railway directors will not be everlastingly bothered by strikes and threats of strikes. The shareholder will feel less anxious about his capital and more hopeful about his interest. The railway workers will feel secure in the justice of any arbitrator appointed by the Speaker and the Master of the Rolls. The only sufferers will be the newspapers, for they will have to look elsewhere for headlines.

It is a seven years' peace, don't forget that, and a seven years' peace is better than a three months' war in which the winning side, whether the men or the directors, would certainly have lost, and the whole community would have suffered to the point of catastrophe. In thanking Mr. Lloyd-George the country has also reason to thank Mr. Bell. If this business had been in the hands of some Labour leaders I could name, we should have had provocation instead of diplomacy, madness instead of sanity, and truculence instead of the soft answer that turneth away wrath. Mr. Bell's tact has been his strength; his good temper ally to his courage. Even the railway directors cannot complain of the way in which he has led his men-in-arms from the field of war into the tents of peace. He has shown the country of what splendid stuff a "paid agitator" may be made, for he has shown that he can conduct a fight for Labour like a gentleman.

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

("*Larry Lynx*" *of* "*The People*," *and* "*Magpie*" *of the* "*Globe*.")

Not Published.

There are incidents and humours attaching to every race of which we never hear in print.

The Loud Voice.

On English racecourses the bookmakers make the most noise; on Canadian tracks it is the eager crowd of speculators.

Better than Nulli Secundus.

The first horse which the King ever ran—and which won—was Leonidas (ridden by Captain Hope Johnstone) in 1880.

The Proper Sort of Owners.

As master of the Quorn it is appropriate that Capt. Frank Forester is going to support jumping more this winter. We could do with a Hackler's Pride or two at this game.

Advisable.

In English racing horses cannot be nominated by partnerships or companies, although it would be most advantageous as meaning that the entry must always stand, even in the event of the death of one individual.

The Piper and Tune Reversed.

Jockeys have always got an excuse for anything they do, or ought to have done, and owners have no possible redress however much their instructions are disobeyed.

Place Aux Dames.

At Rangoon Races there are four totalisators in use, and one is expressly reserved for ladies. There is a further official rule that any bet offered by a bookmaker, provided the odds are not over 10–1, must be accepted, if desired, to the amount of 150 rupees.

Discover It Afterwards.

How frequently a "little" man launches out into ownership absolutely unmindful of the huge forfeits that accrue even from possessing a selling-plater which—in the keenness of the moment—he has liberally nominated.

A Mandate Needed.

The stewards of the Jockey Club have recently very sensibly ruled that at every meeting under their jurisdiction a proper horse ambulance for the conveyance of injured animals must be provided and kept in readiness for use. If horses are entitled to this consideration—which the poor creatures certainly are—how much more so is it incumbent upon the race executives to consider human life and limb! I do hope that the N.H. Committee will, now that we are on the eve of another jumping season, simply enforce every management to provide proper ambulance, hospital accommodation and medical attention, with up-to-date accessories in the event of accident.

Last week's results, and the small field in many instances at Liverpool—especially for the most valuable events—suggested that there is not adequate reason for four days being granted to the fixture. The contraction to three afternoons would be advantageous all round—to the meeting itself, to the interest in its races, and particularly to the advantage of Windsor, who, on the Saturday, clashed and suffered. The racing forces are not just now sufficiently strong to be able to stand such division.

Menu's Liverpool Cup.

This victory was not unnaturally the sensation of last week—not that her success was in any sense surprising, for nearly everybody who saw her fairly "slam" Tom Wedgwood and a really useful field at Windsor in August at once put her down as the best filly of her age. On all running she was entitled to be one of the favourites, as everybody expected, for last Friday's big handicap, and under such supposition she was supported to their great luck and joy by countless little backers for smallish sums. It was an inexplicable occurrence, whereby the over clever folk who were either present to hear the detrimental rumours current, or learned too much anent Menu, were alone the sufferers. Since her success, of course, there have been conflicting rumours as to whether the filly was *really* backed or not. Many argue that Morton is too clever to entertain such a useful mare, obviously fit and well, without knowing it; and yet I have the strongest reasons for saying that Menu's victory was absolutely unexpected, although—as they invariably do—her connections threw a little away upon her each way. Their main interest, however, financially and otherwise, rested in Violante. It may be that Menu is like a certain class of horse—very much better "out" than at home, for it was upon his thoroughly thrashing her in a trial that Royal Dream was so confidently backed in the Cesarewitch.

Windsor.

Further evidence of popularity, and of an executive's enterprise, were given at last Saturday's meeting, when, judging both by the weather and the crowd present, we might well have been participating at one of their summer meetings. The next time the racing army are called Windsorwards it will be to see jumping, round about Christmas time. What would have capped Windsor's success would have been the appropriate victory of Nulli Secundus in the King's Birthday Handicap—a race in which many of our best class handicappers in training competed. Gallinago likes this course, but was more especially benefitted by a quick beginning, which enabled him to get round the top turn on the inside. This means many a length, and perhaps had Catapault been equally fortunate, the little mare, who looked so thoroughly well and continues to be so sound, might have enabled Waugh to win a race for Lord Coventry, in the attempts to do which he has been so ill-fated throughout the season. The fact that Gallinago has won eight handicaps caused envy in the minds of many owners, who, with numerous strings, never seem fated to be given a reasonable chance.

Prophetic.

At Lingfield, if present, pray be cautious to wait until the draw is known, even if you take half the price, remembering that only the little lot on the stand side *ever* win races here. As to the possibilities,

VI,

a nice useful little filly, has a chance in the Welter, for she was running on after being unlucky at Sandown. It may not be quite safe to overlook

TRUFFLE DE PERIGORD

in one of his engagements here, although none too well handicapped. Still the little horse does like this course, will claim the allowance, and should he happen to be well drawn and get off, he should win—and at a price now, for everyone is sick of him.

The next day

BILLIDERE,

although top weight, can hardly have deteriorated sufficiently not to win the Back End Handicap if a competitor, and failing him, I think whichever Pickering runs will go close.

Derby, of course, provides more important sport, when

ZANCIG OR LAUREL LEAF

may to-day (Thursday) win the Osmaston Nursery, and I must plump for

STICK UP

in the Gold Cup. This is a stayer, and on the Cambridgeshire form must take beating.

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